The December Special Number

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 173, No. 25 — *Philadelphia, December 22, 1900* — Five Cents the Copy

The Pligʹht of the Democracy

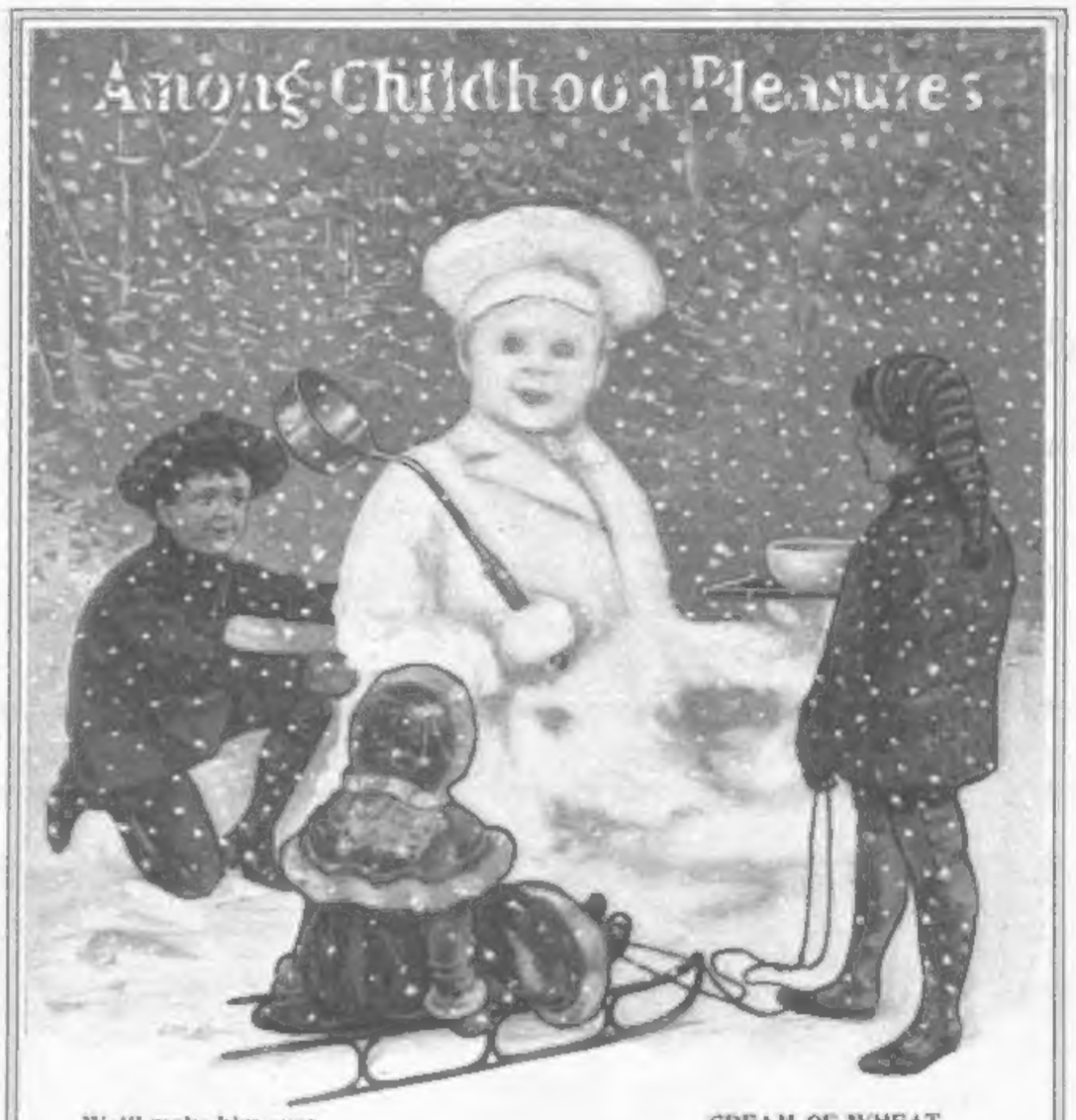
and the Remedy

By

Ex-President Grover Cleveland

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

THE CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, GENERAL AGENTS



We'll make him eyes
And we'll make him a nose
But without feet he can't have toes.
We'll ask mamma for a frying pan
And make his cap the best we can
He'll be a man *that can't be beat*
And look like the one on

CREAM OF WHEAT

Supplies nutritive material in such abundance that children fed on it are splendidly robust, feeling neither extreme of cold nor heat.

Ask the grocer for our elegant views of Northwest Scenery; entirely without advertising mark.

Cream of Wheat

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Our Holiday Offer

TWO *Excellent Christmas Gifts* for ONE DOLLAR

Will be Appreciated By Every Lover of Bright Reading

A Valued Gift for a Book-loving Friend

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

Is a monthly budget of bright stories and entertaining information of broad human interest. The highest editorial and literary ability, superior paper, good printing, artistic illustration, have been so strongly united as to make Everybody's Magazine the best popular periodical in the country. Its spirit is patriotic and strongly American. Its tone is strong and elevated. Its style is bright and breezy. Everybody's Magazine is especially the monthly for the home.

BOOK NEWS

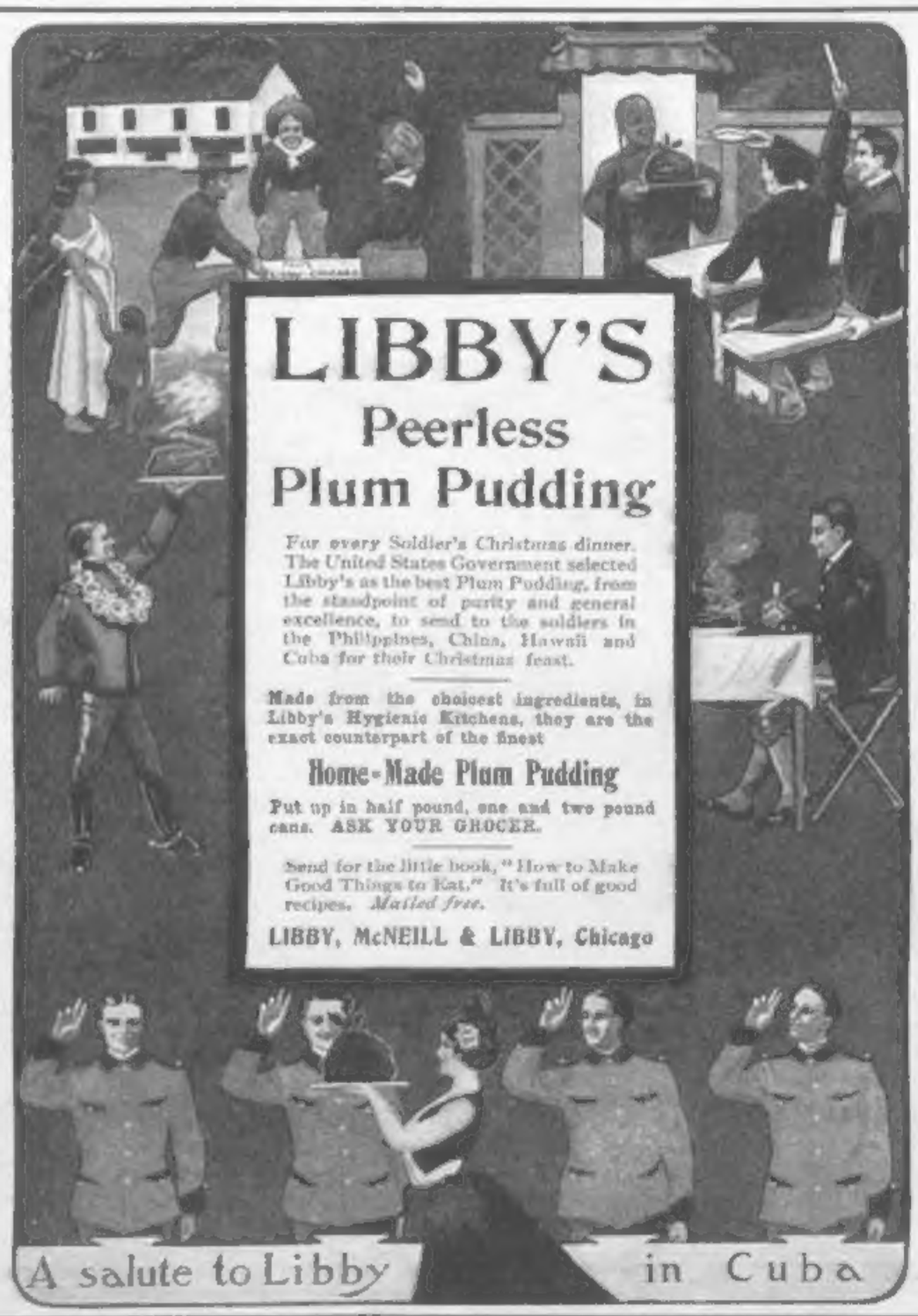
Contains each month all the important news of new books. It reviews the latest books. Makes it easy for you to choose the best, and to avoid those that would probably disappoint. Contains pen sketches and portraits of authors; news items concerning publishers and much other interesting information from the world of literature. Tells fully and interestingly what every book-lover wants to know to keep posted on literary affairs.

ONE DOLLAR sends a refined, entertaining, ***all-the-year-'round*** present to TWO friends; and no postage or express to pay for the sending. We send them to separate addresses, if so ordered.

This offer is limited to the number necessary to make paid subscription list One Hundred Thousand, to which it is rapidly reaching forward; and we retain the right to withdraw it at any time without notice—returning your dollar. **Send the Dollar to**

JOHN WANAMAKER, New York

Publishing Department, or Book Store


LIBBY'S
Peerless
Plum Pudding
For every Soldier's Christmas dinner. The United States Government selected Libby's as the best Plum Pudding, from the standpoint of purity and general excellence, to send to the soldiers in the Philippines, China, Hawaii and Cuba for their Christmas feast.
Made from the choicest ingredients, in Libby's Hygienic Kitchens, they are the exact counterpart of the finest
Home-Made Plum Pudding
Put up in half pound, one and two pound cans. ASK YOUR GROCER.
Send for the little book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat." It's full of good recipes. Mailed free.
LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, Chicago
A salute to Libby
in Cuba

$5.50 Will Put Into Your Hands

32 or 38 Caliber; 5-shot Chamber; 3½-inch barrel, nickel-plated. Small extra charge for 4, 5 and 6-inch barrel or blued finish.

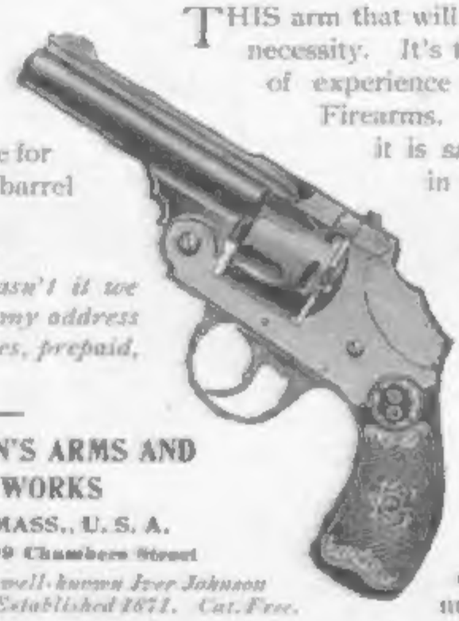
If your dealer hasn't it we will send same to any address in the United States, prepaid, cash with order.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS

FITCHBURG, MASS., U. S. A.

New York Office, 99 Chambers Street

Manufacturers of the well-known Iver Johnson Bicycles and Guns. Established 1871. Cat. Free.



THIS arm that will be faithful in the gravest necessity. It's the triumph of our years of experience in the manufacture of Firearms. It is called safe because it is safe—even being caught in the pocket will not discharge it.

The ONLY Way to Discharge It is to Pull the Trigger.

Beware of Imitations

Our name and address is stamped on the barrel of every Firearm that we make.

This Iver Johnson SAFETY HAMMERLESS AUTOMATIC Revolver

Do you appreciate the true luxury of really fine

Toilet Paper *Like Satin*

A. P. W. BRAND

Thousands never saw so fine a paper as A. P. W. BRAND—the triumph of the largest makers in the world, and the originators of Toilet Paper in rolls.

Sample Sheets Mailed Free

With our handsome booklet—simply send your address. Or, inclose **One Dollar** and we will send (express charges prepaid) to any express point in the U. S. **a case containing an ample supply for the whole family for a whole year.**

A. P. W. PAPER COMPANY, 28 Colonie Street, Albany, New York

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1900, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 625 ARCH STREET — Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

The Plight of the Democracy and the Remedy

By GROVER CLEVELAND

Copyright, 1900, by The Curtis Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All persons are expressly forbidden to reprint this article, either wholly or in part, without special permission.

IT IS the proud boast of our countrymen that in the United States the People rule. This statement is not only fully justified when made by way of contrasting our form of government with others less popular; but it is absolutely true when it is intended to define the motive and purpose of our system. The love of popular rule is so embedded in the minds and hearts of our citizens, and their veneration for the fabric built upon it so great, that our highest patriotism is found in the devout aspiration "that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

This idea of rule by the people is not inconsistent with the proposition that we are governed by parties. Indeed, the two are sure to be closely related, when party organization is given its proper place, as a mere agency or instrumentality through which the people act. Of course this conception of party mission assumes that those employing this agency still remain actively thoughtful, studious of their country's needs, and solicitous for their country's welfare. It also assumes that individual thought, opinion and conscience will never be absolutely and unconditionally delivered to the ownership of party organization, nor changed or abandoned at its dictation. These are the conditions which supply the best explanation and excuse for a close relationship between popular rule and government by party.

Party Unity and Trusteeship

It must be conceded that cohesion in an association for political action can only be secured by a certain amount of adjustment or concession of personal judgment; but these should never extend to the relinquishment or compromise of principles or policies which the association was formed to uphold and enforce. The exaction, within proper limits, of such adjustment and concessions is legitimate party discipline; but there is abundant room for its exercise without permitting party organization to usurp the place of intelligent individual judgment, where fundamental and vital political beliefs are involved.

This reference to party and its limitations suggests the idea of a voluntary coöperation of individuals for the purpose of enforcing and making effective, in the operation of government, certain political and economic beliefs maintained by the individuals thus associated; and from this we are led, by an easy and natural process of thought, to the conception of a condition of trusteeship assumed by party organization.

It is important to remember that in this relationship of trust and confidence the interest of individual members consists in the right to expect from the organization a sincere presentation of their political beliefs, and the faithful performance of such other service as legitimately tends to their furtherance and acceptance. The assurance that these duties will be scrupulously discharged serves as a certificate of membership, declaring the right of each individual in the objects and accomplishments of the association. It is also important to have always in mind the plain proposition that, inasmuch as the coöperation constituting party organization is entirely voluntary, and for the purpose of enforcing certain distinct political ideas, an honest adherence on the part of the organization to such purpose furnishes its only claim to loyalty and obedience.

Party Leaders and the Rank and File

A party cannot properly assert itself and do its allotted work except by means of certain internal arrangements or mechanism. Committees and agents are necessary, among whom the labor of the organization must be distributed. Those selected for these places are inevitably influential in party councils, and in a substantial degree control the movements of the organization. Gathered about them are others, who from a devotion to party principles, or actuated by other motives, assume activity, and gain prominence, often deserved, but sometimes because better men neglect their political duty. These constitute the party managers, who are largely responsible for the safe-keeping of party principles, who are invested with tremendous power in the direction of party

action, and who often arrogate infallible interpretation of party doctrine. Behind these managers are the rank and file, containing many who, disinclined to vex themselves with political anxiety, are willing, with intelligent limitations, to surrender party control and, to a greater or less extent, their political judgment, to party agents; and with these are others who having, with but scant thoughtfulness, attached themselves to the political organization of their choice, thereafter follow its banner without question or care for its direction and destination. Fortunately, however, there is also found in this rank and file a strong contingent of earnest men, who are constantly alert and thoughtful, who understand and love the creed they profess, and, without aspiring to leadership or prominence, are solicitous for its acceptance and willing to battle for its triumph, but are too watchful and too sincere to be deluded or led into strange paths.

These general statements concerning the spheres of action and the relationship of political parties and their managers are intended to be introductory to a discussion of the present plight of the democratic organization, and a suggestion of means for its betterment. This will be done from a partisan standpoint and in a partisan spirit. By this I mean that every word here written will be inspired by a deep and lasting affection for true Democracy, untainted by the slightest pretense of especial authority, and undebased by the faintest conscious ulterior motive. I shall not attempt to persuade or instruct party managers; but my sympathies are so strongly with my associates in the rank and file of the democratic forces, that I shall venture to confer with them touching the present situation and future prospects of true Democracy—the old conservative, time-honored Democracy, with its memories of battles successfully fought for popular rights; with its devotion to national honor; with its unfaltering love for the Constitution; with its constant patriotism; with its contention for commercial freedom; with its scrupulous care for the people's circulating medium; with its hatred of lawlessness; with its insistence upon economy in public expenditures; and with its demand for the equality of all citizens before the law.

It has been abundantly demonstrated that the health and vigor of true Democracy is inexorably inseparable from an honest, open and consistent advocacy of its distinctive beliefs, and a leadership loyal and submissive to its creed. Parties of temporary opportunity and shifty expedients may succeed by trimming sail to the varying gusts of popular prejudice and misapprehension; but true Democracy must have a steadier breeze.

Party Inconsistency in 1864 and 1872

By a strange fatuity, patriotic Democracy in 1864 was summoned to the support of a brave and brilliant Union General upon a platform declaring the war for the restoration of the Union a failure. This pronouncement was a startling aberration, and a misrepresentation of the spirit and sentiment of true Democracy; but the accelerating momentum of party perversity was afterward illustrated when consistent Democracy was asked to accept a candidate whose life occupation had been bitter and unrelenting opposition to democratic doctrines, and when the patient rank and file were invited to indorse a platform constructed by those not of our household.

In those days the lesson taught by this doleful experimentation was quickly learned. In the next national campaign a return to true Democracy under trusted leadership was sufficient to rally its routed and dispirited forces; and rejoicing in the sight of our old banners we followed them to a splendid triumph—none the less certain and deserved because of the wicked machinations that robbed us of its results. In the four succeeding campaigns the standard of true Democracy still led our way. Twice we were victorious; and in our defeats we neither lost courage nor compromised party principle or consistency.

The success of true Democracy in 1892 was so decisive and overwhelming, and its effect upon our opponents was so depressing, that a long continuance of our party's supremacy was generally anticipated. True, the free silver delusion had hovered close about the lines of both of the great parties, but it had been distinctly refused recognition in the democratic platform; and whatever encouragement it had received from legislation was not chargeable to democratic initiative. With other fantastic notions, it had found a home in Populism, which had been an outspoken enemy to true Democracy; and its complexion was so undemocratic as to indicate that it belonged permanently to our adversaries. Thus the situation should have given no portent that the fallacy of free silver would undermine the hopes and paralyze the vigor of triumphant Democracy. But the contagion had already begun its work; and either through its natural growth or through stealthy promotion, its spread was so rapid that the astonishing discovery was soon made that, despite the efforts of those who attempted to arrest its progress in defense of the true democratic faith, the surrender to others of sound money heights was clamorously demanded, and it was insisted that the proud battalions of Democracy should march below and share the camping ground of Populism.

Democracy Again Defeated Under Strange Banners

The culmination of democratic woe was reached when its compact with these undemocratic forces was complete, and when our rank and file were summoned to do battle under banners which bore strange symbols and were held aloft in unfamiliar hands. The result of such a betrayal was foredoomed. This abandonment of the principles of true Democracy, this contemptuous disobedience of its traditions, and this deliberate violation of the law of its strength and vigor, were, by a decree as inexorable as those of fate, followed by the inevitable punishment of stunning, staggering defeat.

The disaster of 1872, invited by similar mad adventure, was quickly followed by a return to the professions and practices of sane Democracy. But the extent and persistency of our wanderings in 1896 is illustrated in a most astounding way by the command, issued on the day of our rout and discomfiture, that a second battle should be fought on the same field, with the same false war cries and the same leadership, that had brought us to the surrounding gloom of defeat.

If the first struggle had been made on democratic ground, and for the ascendency of genuine democratic principles, there would have been nothing discouraging in its renewal; but it was realized by a large section of our party that this was not the situation. Nevertheless, all sober admonition was drowned in a confusion of tongues; nor did the ill equipment of our old antagonists to enter the contest if pitted against true Democracy, nor the prospect of success in such changed conditions, avail to check a frenzied purpose or to alter a rashly conceived and calamitous plan of battle.

The Wasted Lesson of Ninety-Six

Thus in 1900 the lesson of 1896 was contemptuously rejected, and every hope of democratic success was willfully cast aside. Again our long-suffering rank and file, whose loyalty and obedience deserved better things, were sacrificed in a cause theirs only in name; and again it was demonstrated, but more clearly than ever before, that the only forces that can win democratic success are adherence to recognized democratic principles and reliance upon democratic councils and leadership.

Why should we not return to these and in their name again achieve victories no less glorious and renowned than were ours in the days of courageous advocacy of our time-honored faith? Are our principles so shop-worn or antiquated as to require renovation, or their displacement by others more fashionable? There is not an honest democrat in this broad land that will concede these things; nor is there one who would not hail the proclamation of the old faith with that fighting enthusiasm that foretokens democratic triumph. As new conditions arise, our principles must be applied to them; but in the creed that has guided us through a century of party existence we shall find the key to every such application; nor shall we need the lexicon of Populism to aid us in interpreting this creed. If we are asked to favor free coinage of silver by the Government at a ratio with gold widely different from the ratio of intrinsic worth, we should reject the proposal, unless we find sanction for it in the records and traditions of the party of true Democracy and of safe and sound money. If we are invited to condemn the General Government for protecting itself in the exercise of its functions against violent obstruction within a State, we should repel the approach, and find abundant grounds for such action in the history and professions of a party which honors Andrew Jackson; and if the people are to be taught to discredit the processes of our Courts, and to distrust the decisions of our highest judicial tribunal, we should, as members of a party that enjoins obedience to law and respect for its administration and enforcement, refuse to engage in the crusade.

The Essentials of Democratic Success

I believe no democrat will have the hardihood to deny that we have fought our last two campaigns in alliance with undemocratic forces, and that this alliance was immensely costly in defeat. Is there not good reason to suppose that even in success such an alliance would have proved unprofitable and dangerous? When a man or a party compromises principles to effect an unnatural coalition for the accomplishment of certain ends, success and a resulting account of profits gained will always present the question whether the principles compromised shall ever be recovered, and will surely start a discussion as to which of the two confederators shall be most nearly absorbed by the other. In the light of these considerations, it ought not to cause surprise to know that many true democrats who loved their party and its fundamental beliefs, and who were convinced that these were imperilled by an incompatible association, refused to give it their support or approval. If they saw less misfortune to Democracy in the shock and disappointment of defeat than in the enervation, discredit and absorption which success with the alliance threatened, their loyalty and devotion should be no more denied or suspected than the loyalty and devotion of those who saw no harm in the combination, and who believed Democracy so strong that it would escape unharmed from either success or defeat.

Sincere democrats of every condition and in every part of the land realize that the situation of the party needs repair. Reorganization is not necessary; but a return from our wandering is absolutely essential. Let us be frank with ourselves, and candidly acknowledge the futility of attempting to gain democratic victories except in the democratic cause and through democratic methods. Recrimination is worse than useless; and the arrogation of superior party virtue will breed only mischief. This is a time for sober thought, tolerant language and fraternal counsels. We are dealing with the condition of a party that cannot be destroyed by external foes; and since its ruin can be wrought only from within, it should be imperishable. Above all things, there should be a manly renunciation and avoidance of undue sectional control. Democracy will not operate efficiently on sectional lines.

There is much for us to do; and the future is full of democratic duty and opportunity. Our fighting forces will respond listlessly and falteringly if summoned to a third defeat in a strange cause; but if they hear the rallying call of true Democracy they will gather for battle with old-time democratic enthusiasm and courage.

If I should attempt to epitomize what I have written, by suggesting a plan for the rehabilitation and restoration of true Democracy, I should embody it in these words:

Give the rank and file a chance.

The Audience of Diplomats at Foreign Courts. *By* Hon. John W. Foster

THE first duty of an envoy, who goes abroad on a diplomatic mission, is to secure an audience of the sovereign or head of the state to which he is accredited. The American envoy bears with him what is termed a letter of credence, signed by the President and addressed to the ruler of the nation, and this letter it is his duty to place in the hands of the ruler, and the ceremony is attended with more or less of formality and ceremony.

We find that this matter of audience very early engaged the attention of the founders of our Government. When, in 1778, the first Minister Plenipotentiary, the Minister from France, was about to arrive, the Continental Congress, impressed with the gravity of the occasion, appointed a committee composed of its most able and distinguished members, who brought in an elaborate report, which was discussed by Congress for five days. The proceedings cover many pages of the Secret Journals of that body, and show that the matter was arranged with uncommon care. As there was at that time no executive head of the Confederation, the Minister was received in public audience by Congress in full session.

The reading of the description of the ceremony, as laid down in great detail in the official Journal, creates a smile in this day of greater simplicity.

The envoy, on arriving at his post, arranges for his audience of the sovereign through the Minister for Foreign Affairs. When the time for his reception is determined he is waited upon, in European capitals, by the Grand Master of Ceremonies, to explain the formalities to be observed, and on the appointed day he calls at the hotel or residence of the envoy with one or more state carriages to conduct him and his suite to the palace. If the envoy has the rank of Ambassador he is usually escorted by a detachment of cavalry, and the carriage which takes him is drawn by six horses. This latter distinction is among the last reminders of the great displays formerly made at Court in honor of Ambassadors. Most of these have fallen into disuse with the increasing demand of the present age for greater simplicity, but several of the Courts of Europe still cling to the six-horse ambassadorial coach. In the accounts of the great Congress of Westphalia and other conferences of two centuries and more ago, we read of the number of coaches-and-six which were a part of the paraphernalia of the respective Ambassadors; the Plenipotentiaries of the King of France explaining the delay in their arrival by the necessity of stopping en route to secure the proper number of suitable horses for their cavalcade of entrance.

The Elaborate Ceremonial at Madrid

The ceremony at the reception of an envoy is regulated in each country by its Government, and there is no uniformity of custom. For instance, in Madrid, where ancient usage still lingers, the Introducer of Ambassadors escorts the envoy, with his suite, to the palace, with state carriages and a troop of cavalry; he leads them up the Grand Stairway, lined with halberdiers, into the Throne Room, where is the Sovereign surrounded by the Cabinet and Royal Household officials in full uniform. When the doors of the Throne Room are thrown open the envoy makes a bow, then advances half way to the Royal circle, halts and bows again, then approaches near to the Sovereign, stops, bows a third time and proceeds with his address. When that is concluded the envoy delivers the letter of credence of the President into the hands of the Sovereign, who hands it, without breaking the seal, to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Sovereign reads the address in reply. After a few minutes of informal conversation, the audience closes with the withdrawal of the envoy and suite, always with their faces to the Royal circle, and a return down the Grand Stairway to the coaches and thence through the streets, accompanied by the Introducer of Ambassadors and the cavalry troop. In the great empire of Russia, on the other hand, the ceremony is much more simple. The envoy usually goes to the palace alone, is met there by the Grand Master of Ceremonies and by him accompanied to the Emperor, who receives him in his room where the envoy is left alone with His Majesty.

No addresses are made, but after a few words the Emperor asks him to be seated, when a short informal conversation follows. If, however, as is often the case, the Emperor is absent from the capital at one of his country palaces, the envoy is accompanied by the Grand Master of Ceremonies, in an Imperial railway carriage, and is lodged and entertained in the palace.

Reception of Envoys at the White House

In the United States the foreign envoy goes in his own carriage with his suite to the Department of State, whence he is accompanied by the Secretary of State, without display, to the Executive Mansion and into the Blue Room, where he is left while the Secretary of State goes to notify the President of his arrival. The latter enters with the Secretary, the envoy is introduced and at once proceeds to read his address, which is replied to by the President. The letter of credence is received by the President and handed to the Secretary of State, and after a brief informal conversation the reception ends.

The ceremony of the Spanish Court, above described, is that most nearly observed at foreign capitals, and is usually highly appreciated by diplomats. The comment of John Quincy Adams after passing through one of these ceremonies is as follows: "The formalities of these Court presentations are so trifling and insignificant in themselves, and so important in the eyes of princes and courtiers, that they are much more embarrassing to the American than business of real importance. It is not safe or prudent to despise them, nor practicable for a person of rational understanding to value them."

It is related of the blunt old republican, Hannibal Hamlin, who at an advanced age was sent as Minister to Madrid, that he stood in great awe of the ceremony of audience, and went through the rehearsal of it several times with the Secretary of Legation, but he passed the ordeal so clumsily that he cherished a great contempt for the performance.

The Complaint of the Frugal Mr. Adams

John Adams was the first American Minister received at the Court of Great Britain after the independence of the Colonies was recognized. In an official communication to Mr. Jay, Secretary of State, he gives a detailed account of his presentation. He was in Paris at the time of his appointment, having participated in the negotiations for peace; he was there informed by the British Ambassador that he should be in London in time for the King's birthday, and to that end he must carry over from Paris "a fine new coat, ready made, for that it was a rule of etiquette there for everybody who went to Court to have new clothes, and very rich ones; and that my family must be introduced to the Queen." Mr. Adams was a frugal Yankee, and he wrote Mr. Jay: "I hope, sir, you will not think this an immaterial or trifling matter when you consider that the simple circumstance of presenting a family at Court will make a difference of several hundred pounds sterling in my inevitable expenses." He made a full report of his audience of George III, in the course of which he says: "The door was shut, and I was left with His Majesty and the Secretary alone. I made the three reverences, one at the door, another about half way, and the third before the presence, according to the usage established at this and all the northern Courts of Europe, and then addressed myself to His Majesty." He states that the King listened to his address with dignity, but with apparent emotion, and that he was much affected and spoke with manifest tremor in his reply.

It is of historic interest, in this connection, to give an extract from King George's speech on that occasion: "I am, you may well suppose, the last person in England that consented to the dismemberment of the Empire, by the independence of the new States, and, while the war was continued, I thought it due to my subjects to prosecute the war to the utmost. But, sir, I have consented to the independence, and it is ratified by treaty, and I now receive you as their Minister Plenipotentiary; and every attention, respect and protection, granted to other Plenipotentiaries, you shall receive at this Court. And I hope and trust that from blood, religion, manners, habits of intercourse, and almost every other consideration, the two nations will continue for ages in friendship and confidence with each other."

Monroe in the Arms of a Frenchman

In France the revolution of 1789 brought about a marked change in the manner of presentation of foreign Ministers, in contrast with that which prevailed in the Court of Louis XVI. James Monroe, who was sent by President Washington as Minister to the new Republic at the most exciting period of its existence, was regarded as a partisan friend of the new order of things, and it was determined to make the presentation of his letter of credence the occasion of a great demonstration. He was received in public audience by the National Convention, whose hall was decorated with the American colors. Mr. Monroe made an address, to which the presiding officer replied at length, and concluded as follows: "You see here the effusion of soul that accompanies this simple and touching ceremony. I am impatient to give you the fraternal embrace, which I am ordered to give in the name of the French people. Come and receive it in the name of the American people, and let this spectacle complete the annihilation of an impious coalition of tyrants." He thereupon, with tragic effect, gave Mr. Monroe the fraternal embrace (*accolade*) and imprinted on his cheek a kiss, amid the loud cheers of the members and spectators. When the report of this ceremony reached America, the Secretary of State sent Mr. Monroe a mild reproof, criticising the gushing character of his address, and saying it was not expected or desired that he would yield to a public presentation of that character; and not long after President Washington saw fit to recall him from his mission.

There is more significance in the audience of the head of a state with a diplomatic representative than the mere courtly formalities to which I have referred would seem to indicate. The delivery and reception of autograph letters between rulers implies an equality of relations which is of high importance to independent nations, and this equality and freedom of intercourse has for centuries been observed among Christian nations. But the Oriental nations have been slow to recognize it. Japan brought its Emperor out of seclusion soon after it determined to seek admission into the family of nations, and the Mikado admitted to audience the foreign diplomats under the Court rules observed in European capitals. China has, however, for centuries resisted the practice, and up to a very recent date has sought to exclude direct diplomatic intercourse with the Emperor. The demand has been that representatives of other nations must come as dependent states, bearing tribute, in order to secure an audience of the Emperor. It has also been claimed that the diplomatic representative, when he comes into the Imperial presence, must do obeisance to "the Son of Heaven," by performing what is termed the *kow-tow*—that is, prostrating one's self and striking the head upon the ground.

Ward Knelt Only to God or Woman

When forced to abandon this requirement, the Chinese officials insisted that the diplomat must at least kneel when he presented the letter of his Sovereign to the Emperor, as even the princes of the Imperial family were not allowed to present a paper to the Emperor without kneeling. It is related that when, in 1859, Mr. Ward, the American Minister, having refused to *kow-tow*, was told that he must kneel when he presented the President's letter to the Emperor, he replied, "I kneel only to God and woman," and that he was answered, "The Emperor is the same as God." But Mr. Ward was not convinced of this, and the letter was not presented.

Nearly two centuries ago, Count Ismailof, attended by an imposing suite and bearing an autograph letter and rich presents to the Emperor of China, appeared at Peking as the Ambassador of the Czar of Russia. Much time was spent in negotiations respecting the ceremony of audience. The Ambassador at first stoutly refused to *kow-tow*, but, being convinced that his mission would otherwise be a failure, at last consented. I extract the following from the account of the audience by Father Ripa, who was present as an interpreter:

"Count Ismailof then entered, and immediately prostrated himself before the table, holding up the Czar's letter with both hands. The Emperor, who had at first behaved graciously to Ismailof, now thought proper to mortify him by making him remain some time in this prostrate posture. The proud Russian was indignant at this treatment, and gave unequivocal signs of resentment by certain motions of his mouth and by turning his head aside, which, under the circumstances, was very unseemly. Hereupon His Majesty prudently requested that the Ambassador himself should take the letter up to him, and when Count Ismailof did so, kneeling at his feet, he received it at his own hands."

Making an Englishman a Vassal

At the close of the last century a British Ambassador visited the capital, and was received by the Emperor. The *kow-tow* was demanded of him, but, after much parleying, it was arranged that he should kneel before the Emperor, lay the King's letter upon a table, and that it should be handed to the Emperor by one of the Imperial princes. Without his knowledge, the Chinese authorities placed on the boat which carried him up the Pei-ho the inscription that he was a vassal representative, bearing tribute to the Emperor. A second British embassy was sent in 1816, but it was stopped at the mouth of the Pei-ho, and upon the Ambassador's refusing to agree to perform the *kow-tow* before the Emperor, the embassy was turned back and failed in its mission.

Notwithstanding that the British and French armies occupied Peking in 1860, and that treaties were made stipulating for the residence of diplomatic representatives at Peking, no audience of the Emperor was granted till 1873, and then only under somewhat humiliating circumstances. After years of effort, much correspondence and many conferences, it was arranged that a joint audience would be granted to the heads

(*Concluded on Page 18*)

Our Cities in the Twentieth Century

The Chicago River, in which the canal begins

Looking from the Lake Front Park

The end of the Sanitary Canal in Joliet

NOT as having already attained, but pressing forward—this, and not a boastfulness of present achievements, epitomizes the true Chicago spirit. Put into briefest space, the genius of this city is expressed in one word, PUSH. Every phase of its development bespeaks this irrepressible capacity for doing things. It is more keenly concerned with the affairs of to-day than of yesterday and of to-morrow than of to-day.

As a young city its main interests are inevitably of commercial and industrial character. Its foremost concern is expressed in the question: What are the movements on foot which promise most in the promotion of Chicago's commercial prominence?

This may be unhesitatingly answered. The conversion of the Chicago Sanitary Canal into a waterway navigable by light ocean vessels. This carries with it the kindred problem of deepening the Chicago River to a depth sufficient to accommodate vessels of the heaviest draft that will ply the lakes for the next half century; of depressing the tunnels under the river to meet this progressive move, and of supplanting the present centre-pier bridges with bascule structures which will permit the use of the centre of the channel by the huge crafts engaged in modern lake commerce. Here is the biggest project on foot to-day, so far as the business future of this city is concerned. The ramifications of this plan are almost endless and vitally touch almost every industry of the City of the Lakes. Its execution implies a complete remodeling of the present river and harbor frontage and of all that is covered by the term shipping facilities. Most important of all, it carries an inevitable, compulsory reduction of freight-carrying rates to a minimum, and it is this factor which finally determines the commercial supremacy of any great centre of population which has a fair share of other industrial advantages.

$30,000,000 Spent on a Waterway

What basis, it will be asked, has Chicago for the expectation that it will come into possession of so vital and stupendous a public improvement as a free and direct channel from its grain elevators, its lumber, coal and commercial docks, to the sea and thence to the ports of the world? A very definite and tangible one! At a cost of more than thirty million dollars Chicago has just completed a waterway which lacks only a connecting link to fill this requirement. To make a ship canal leading into the Mississippi and navigable for vessels of light ocean draft needs only the additional expenditure of half the sum already invested to complete a deep-water connection with the Illinois River and to deepen the channel of the latter. The city of Chicago offers to the National Government the present great waterway with this condition: Spend fifty cents for each dollar Chicago has invested and receive a deep ship canal from the centre of the United States to the ocean, which will multiply the commerce of the great West, afford an invaluable means of military protection and operation in time of war, and develop the industrial resources of a vast region of country rich in all that will contribute to the nation's wealth. That the Federal Government could have well afforded to bear the entire expense of constructing such a waterway will scarcely be questioned by any person who looks well into the future and sees things in their larger perspective. Much less can it be doubted that the Government will hasten to accept this canal when two-thirds of its cost has been paid by the city of Chicago.

In its present condition the great sanitary canal, connecting Chicago and the Illinois River, is equivalent to a forty-mile harbor, twenty-five feet deep. The deepening of the Illinois, which connects it with the Mississippi, will be the signal which will line the banks of the great inland ocean harbor with manufacturing and commercial plants of every description. If this connecting link be made navigable for only the lightest type of ocean-going vessels—say those of fourteen feet draft—the benefits to commerce will be immediate and effective before a single vessel can carry its cargo by this new route to the ocean, for the carrying rates by land would drop to meet this potential competitor.

It is impossible that the Federal Government can overlook the value of this ocean connection as a means of war protection. The wisdom of the principle that times of peace are the most propitious in which to prepare for war has never been controverted. According to our present treaty with England, the United States is permitted to maintain only one war vessel on the Great Lakes, but England has the absolute control of the Welland Canal, the only gateway to the ocean. There is more danger that the United States will become involved in hostilities with Great Britain than with any other power. In event of such a calamity the proposed deep waterway between the Gulf of Mexico and the Great Lakes would give a ready means of sending light-draft war vessels to protect our cities of the great inland seas and to blockade the Welland Canal. The motive of self-protection is alone sufficient to induce the Federal Government to carry forward the work already two-thirds done by Chicago.

Commercial Benefits of Vast Promise

But the commercial consideration is the one which is of paramount interest to the general public, and this benefit would be felt not only by Chicago and all the territory and cities along the route to the Gulf, but by all the States of the great Middle West. Surveys and estimates show that an additional expenditure of fifteen million dollars will give a waterway navigable for vessels of fourteen feet draft, and will permit ocean vessels of the smaller type to load with grain at Duluth or Chicago and deliver their cargoes at Liverpool. How the interest of every merchant and shipper on the Great Lakes will respond to this waterway may be illustrated by the effect which the old Illinois and Michigan Canal

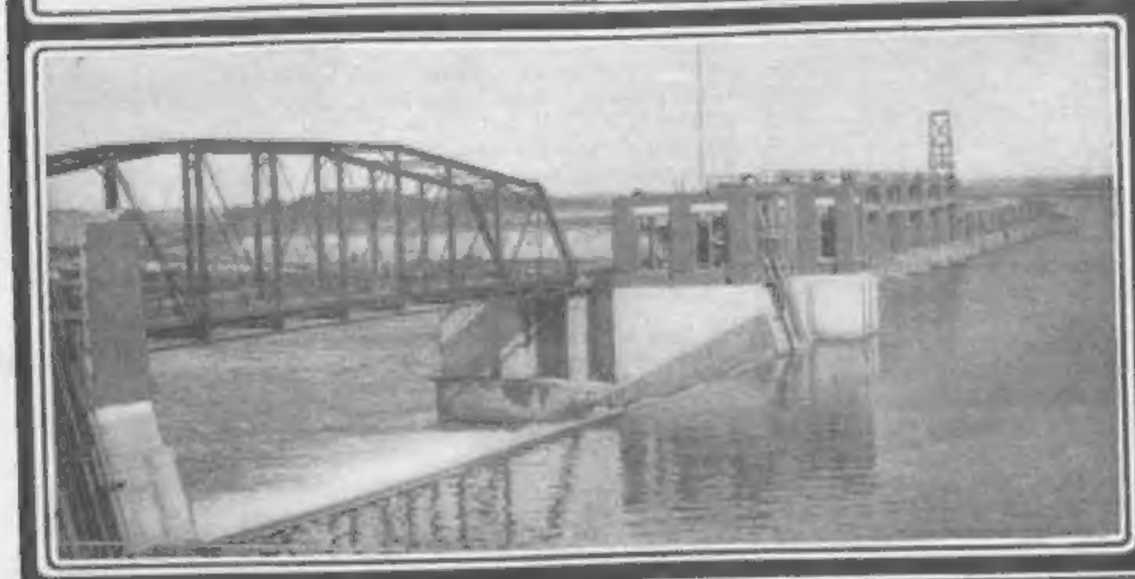
The new 39th Street conduit, Chicago

In the heart of the retail district

The largest elevator in the world

Chicago: Its Present and its Future.

By Mayor Carter H. Harrison



Controlling Works at Lockport on the Sanitary Canal

A fleet loading in the Chicago River

PHOTO BY J. W. TAYLOR, CHICAGO

COPYRIGHT, 1903. PHOTO BY LAWRENCE, CHICAGO

The Chicago Board of Trade, showing the pits where corn and wheat are dealt in

PHOTO BY J. W. TAYLOR, CHICAGO

On Madison and State Streets

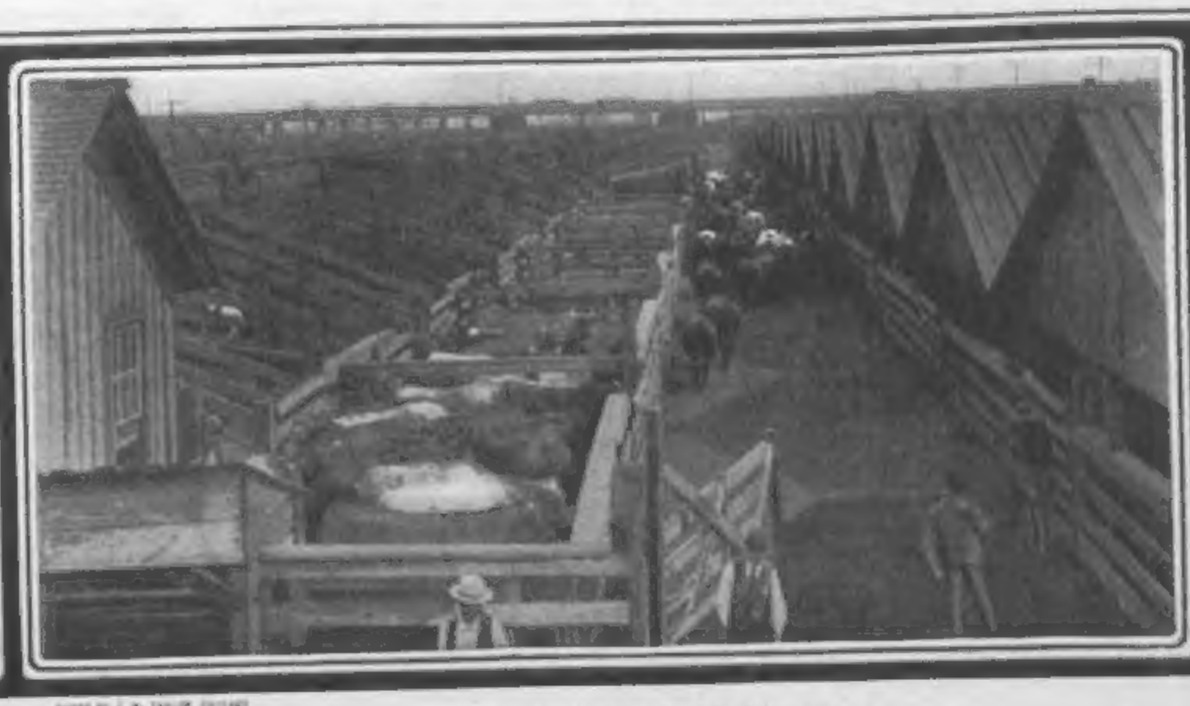


PHOTO BY J. W. TAYLOR, CHICAGO

The pens in the Union Stock Yards

PHOTO BY J. W. TAYLOR, CHICAGO

A busy State Street corner

and the Erie Canal have on carrying rates. Both these canals have long outlived their period of large, active traffic, but if they were not in existence the land freight rates would be very greatly increased. It is through their influence in holding down the cost of land transportation that these effete waterways render their great service and amply repay the cost of their maintenance. And so it would be with the proposed ship canal.

Of allied interest and importance to Chicago commerce is the deepening of the Chicago River. In this the future must be discounted. Although the largest vessel now plying the lakes draws but twenty-one feet, the tendency is toward greatly increased tonnage as affording economy in transportation. Unless the Chicago River is speedily made accessible to the largest vessels in the carrying trade Chicago must be prepared to see her shipping slip away from her. Delay in this respect has already been costly. It is feasible to deepen the channel of the river to a depth of twenty-five feet, and this move would add millions of dollars to her commerce. To-day larger vessels are engaged in the lake trade than were to be found on the ocean twenty years ago, and every year witnesses the launching of still larger craft. Not to make ample provision for this tendency would be the most suicidal blow that could be dealt to the commerce of this city. When the business public of Chicago becomes thoroughly aroused to the significance of this problem its representatives in Congress will reflect this awakening, and Federal action will follow.

To make this improvement possible, the old centre-pier bridges which now span the river must be removed and replaced with new ones of the bascule type, giving to vessels the full use of the stream. The strong current created by the opening of the sanitary canal makes these piers an especial menace to smaller craft, while the tunnels shut out steamers of the larger kind. This expensive change is a necessity of the immediate future, and plans for its execution are being worked out by the municipal authorities and the trustees of the Sanitary District. As these two bodies derive their support from the same source their interests are mutual. Although the tunnels which now obstruct the passage of heavy draft vessels are used by the street railways of the city, the question of depressing the tunnels must be wholly divorced from the problem of the future relationship between these corporations and the municipality. To permit the former to use the problem of depressing the tunnels as a club with which to obtain franchise advantages is not to be considered. Independent action in this particular is the only course which the city can afford to follow.

The Difficult Problem of a Big Subway

A subway to relieve the congestion of surface traffic is another problem of the immediate future vitally related to the city's commercial advancement. The precise scope and nature of this public improvement are not so clear as those of the shipping problem. No city approaching the size of Chicago has so compact a retail and wholesale district. It is a caldron boiling with business, its rim described by the union loop of the four elevated railroads. The mention of this boundary suggests one of the most difficult conditions with which the city has to deal in settling the subway question. A few years ago, before access to the heart of the city from every outlying section was made quick and easy by this rapid transit system, thousands of smaller tradesmen and shopkeepers drove a prosperous traffic along the main arteries of surface travel. Now hundreds of them have been forced into bankruptcy, and the more fortunate of their proprietors and clerks are filling clerical positions in the big department stores in the centre of the city—the very institutions which forced them to the wall by the powerful leverage of concentration of capital and convergence of quick transit facilities. I am unalterably opposed to any movement which will further aid and increase this concentration of retail traffic, believing it must result in the benefit of the few at the expense of the many. The ideal community is one in which the small tradesman is prosperous and independent. Whatever threatens this widespread proprietorship and independence is undesirable. Only a very few years ago the great thoroughfares threading the three grand divisions of Chicago from the suburbs to centre—Cottage Grove Avenue, North Clark Street, West Madison Street, Milwaukee Avenue, and other arteries of this character—were alive with busy and prosperous stores and shops in which everything that can now be obtained in the downtown department stores could be bought. Some of these were large establishments which would have done credit to a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants. To-day, it is doubtful if a single dry-goods store worthy the name can be found outside the downtown district.

Any subway scheme which would add to the present concentration of retail business in the overcrowded downtown district has a fatal defect which merits the disapproval of all who have the interest of the whole people at heart. The subway scheme sprang from the idea that something must be done to relieve the congestion of Chicago's concentrated business district. A tentative plan for an elaborate subway system, which shall put under ground all the surface lines of street railways in the business centre, has been prepared. This contemplates the elimination of grade crossings by the construction of a series of non-intersecting underground loops which shall make a transfer from the lines of one grand division of the city to those of another an easy matter. How to reconcile this movement with that which looks to the upbuilding of new business centres instead of further concentration in the present one is as yet an unsolved problem.

One thing, however, is certain. The great retail houses and the property owners in the centre of the city could well afford to bear a large part of the expense of constructing a downtown subway.

The Paving of Streets with Asphalt

The rapidly increasing amount of asphalt paving in the streets of Chicago's business district indicates that the section bounded by the Union Elevated loop will be almost entirely paved with this material within the next five years. At their private expense many of the largest merchants have already replaced the old paving with asphalt, estimating that thus securing diminution of loss in the destruction of goods by dust will more than repay their expenditure. As asphalt is not a hardy and permanent pavement, its great increase in the business centre of the city must be met with the passage of a wide-tire ordinance. The street railways should be compelled to put in grooved rails.

The ideal paving has not yet been discovered. The wood block is dead, except as replaced so frequently as to make its cost almost prohibitive; macadam paving is too filthy; brick will not stand sufficient wear and is too noisy; asphalt is too delicate for heavy traffic. A perfectly dressed granite

(Concluded on Page 19)

PHOTO BY J. H. TAYLOR, CHICAGO

HON. JAMES H. ECKELS

Tales of the Banker
By Hon. James H. Eckels

Former Comptroller of the Currency

VERY shortly after the publication of the results of the first exhaustive investigation made through the office of the Comptroller of the Currency, some four years since, of the extent of individual deposits in the banks of the United States, the leading banking magazine of London declared that with such a force of bank depositors, representing so vast an aggregation of money, our country must soon be reckoned with as a leading factor in the world's great financial undertakings. To the same end was a conversation which some months later I had with one of the governing body of the Bank of England, who had noted with astonishment how general was becoming the use of the bank by that part of the public which has very limited means in this country. He saw in all this not only an increasing power to the American financier, but an added reason for believing that a sound conservatism would come about in the citizen's view of public questions, to ward off and ultimately destroy the evils of unsound monetary legislation then threatened. It is certain that the influence of our own financiers is now very powerful, made so by the growth of bank deposits, and it is equally sure that the mass of the voters entertain sounder notions on all economic questions as their interest in saving and the banking institutions has become more fixed.

The Benefits that Come from Banks

There is no institution of more benefit to a community than a well-conducted banking house, whether it be a private, state or national one. Its uses are as varied as the needs of the community, and it reaches, in its effect, either directly or indirectly, to every individual, and yet there is no calling which receives quite such round abuse from the political platform, and such indifferent treatment at the hands of the average legislator. As I now recall it, there have been in many years but one or two very slight Congressional acts bearing upon the question of improving the National Bank Act, despite the frequent recommendations of Presidents, Secretaries of the Treasury and Comptrollers of the Currency, of both political parties. There have been measures of real importance more than once suggested which would have wrought great benefit to the business interests of the country, but a seeming fear of political consequences caused the law-making powers to consign them to the unused files of Congress. I remember one of the country's Secretaries of the Treasury declaring to me, upon an occasion when the subject was up, that "nothing seemed so utterly hopeless as writing views and recommendations on the country's financial and monetary problems for Congress to consider, for Congressmen will not legislate upon the subject so long as appropriation and other bills, which seem to the members to go more directly to the interests of the individual districts, are to be considered." The apparent hopelessness of that situation, it would seem, has now been passed, and we may look for more statesmanship and less political demagoguery on the part of political leaders and national legislators. This change in sentiment has come about from the people themselves, through an education of experience, coming to the viewpoint of real practical common-sense. At one time, in one of his admirable addresses on economic questions, John Stuart Mill, in discussing the tendency of our people apparently to temporize with monetary heresies, stated with much force: "The American people have upon a number of occasions, in dealing with monetary and kindred questions, been upon the verge of doing a very foolish thing, but always at the critical time the common-sense of the people asserts itself, the wrong thing is put down, and the right thing put up." The country has for a second time witnessed an exhibition of this saving grace of common-sense on the part of the great body of the people to the tremendous benefit of all.

The Vast Sums Held on Deposit

The interest of the banking public in correct, scientific and conservative banking legislation can be somewhat estimated when it is realized that to-day the country has fully thirteen millions of bank depositors, representing more than seven thousand five hundred million dollars of deposits. Of this vast number of bank-depositing patrons, about six millions have their holdings in savings banks, the aggregate of such holdings amounting to something more than two billion five hundred millions of dollars. The important point to be considered in connection with all this overpowering array of figures is that this vast sum has been made available to the business needs of the country only through the organized machinery of the modern bank, while the numbers of bank depositors have been augmented from day to day by the educational influence of the bank in the lessons of economy, thrift and business system. The bank stands upon the one hand as the business educator of the people and upon the other as a business guardian and promoter. In every community there is always a surplus capital beyond the needs of the people of such community in their daily trade transactions. The availability of that surplus capital turns upon the means there possessed to direct it from a position of wasteful idleness into a channel of commercial usefulness. The machinery of the bank supplies this want. The purpose of its organization is to limit the number of actual transactions and substitute safe credit ones in all matters of barter and trade. To do this the public must be educated in the wisdom of bank depositing, an education which comes with the establishing of confidence in the honesty and conservatism of those who set themselves up as bankers. I do not know of any profession which requires a higher standard of moral and business ethics than that which gives itself over to the caring for the savings of the public, the guarding of credits and the issuing of notes to circulate as money.

A Marked Misconception of the Public

The general public, possibly from a correct standpoint, views the matter of handling money and credits as different from that of any other commercial undertaking, and yet in the last analysis it is in many respects not unlike the business (save in that which it sells) of groceries or dry goods. The banker sells the use of credit to those who need it at a measure of profit gauged largely by the supply of and demand for money. The ability to supply this needed credit alone makes possible the carrying on of the many great manufacturing and commercial enterprises of the day. During the period before the efficiency of the modern bank had been established operations in every field were limited. The larger scope of trade has necessitated the organization of the bank upon lines designed to meet credit wants rather than with the idea of establishing places of mere deposit or sources of bank-note issues. The course of this change is very strongly illustrated in the changed position of the national bank from that which its sponsors mapped out for it.

Secretary Chase, aside from a purpose to make a market for Government bonds to raise needed governmental revenues, looked to the national banks as the great source for supplying the public with a much-needed sound and uniform paper circulating medium. In this he was joined by many supporters in the House and Senate, who, while not so averse to state bank-notes as he was, yet were favorably impressed with the note-issuing function given the national bank. So much stress was laid upon this particular feature of the act that, to this day, notwithstanding the contrary is the truth, the majority of the people looked upon the deposit and discount feature of national banking as minor details, while they regard note-issuing as a principal attribute of the system. It is because of this misconception of the exact status of things that politics

have had so much to do with a consideration of every phase of the National Bank Law. As a matter of fact, even under the amended bank law as it now stands upon the statute books, bank-note issues are a source of very small profit to the banks taking them out, a profit steadily lessened as the price of Government bonds, necessary to secure circulation, rises.

During the pendency of the measure introduced in the House at the time of the then proposed and afterward completed contract with the Morgan Syndicate providing for the issuance of a gold Government bond, to protect the gold reserve in the Treasury, I had occasion to spend an evening with the late Senator Sherman, who had invited me to come to his home to discuss some things which he had in mind relative to the condition of the Treasury as it then stood. In the course of the conversation he stated his willingness and desire to aid the Administration in any way within his power, and wished me to say as much to the President. To a suggestion that it seemed to me the most practical move was the permanent payment and cancellation of the greenbacks and the enlargement of the note-issuing power of the banks, he replied: "I should like very much to see the banks given more power to issue bank-notes properly secured, for that is their proper function, but I do not believe it can be accomplished. It certainly cannot be if it be proposed as a part of the plan to retire the Government legal tenders. The difficulties in the way are two. In the first instance, Western constituencies will never consent to a retirement of the greenback, to which they are devotedly attached, and in the second, they have been prejudiced against granting further power to national banks. I do not believe anything can be done in that direction." The conversation was interesting from the fact that it showed how strongly so able and astute a financier and legislator as Senator Sherman was wedded to the idea of the people's regard for a direct Government paper issue, and how strongly he thought the public opposed an increase in the power of bank-note issues being given to the banks which he had helped to create for that purpose.

What Makes the Bank's Real Strength

The public can very safely lay aside any thought of undue power being vested in the banks through possessing a limited or extended bank-note-issuing authority. There is not enough in any note-issuing rights granted by a Government act to create either a considerable influence in the general transaction of daily business affairs or to work out a fair measure of profit to the institution exercising the granted power. The real source of support to the bank, as already stated, is the depositor, who daily brings to it the money and credits over and above what he is using in the small trades of daily life. The bank's power comes from the ability to utilize this support of the depositor, in creating and extending needed credits, and not from any legislative enactment. It depends in the largest measure for its strength upon a depositing and borrowing constituency, and it yields benefit to both.

The promise to pay, of the bank, which circulates as money in the form of a bank-note currency, is a very feeble and invaluable investment as compared with the order to pay, in the character of a bank check, which its depositor draws upon it and gives to some creditor to discharge a debt due.

By means of a nicely adjusted system of credit instruments the bank makes every bank-deposited dollar an efficient one, in that it supports many different trade transactions instead of a single one. The extended use of bank credits and the greater facility for the granting of needed temporary working capital to borrowers have fairly revolutionized the whole manner of conducting commercial banking. The man of average business age even can remember when not only was the amount loaned to any single business firm or individual very limited, but when the territory in which such loans were made was closely confined to the immediate place where the firm's operations were carried on. One of the prominent features of the National Bank Act, as first enacted (and it remains, though largely disregarded, to-day) was a restriction to ten per cent. of the amount of the capital stock allowed to be loaned to any one individual or firm. The restriction was looked upon as needed because nobody felt that borrowing could possibly be carried on to the extent that modern business needs and ways now require. The management of a bank in the earlier day was largely individual, and "the one man bank" was the rule. It was then possible and profitable to conduct such a bank, for though the losses were numerous, the profits were correspondingly large. The profit of banking at present consists largely in thoroughly systematizing the business in such a manner as to create dividends through economy in transacting a large volume of business upon a safe basis, with small profit upon each individual transaction. The important factor in successful banking is to know to whom to extend credit, and this depends upon the many transactions, which keep deposits employed, with customers who have the ability and honesty to return what is loaned them for profit. One of the best bankers in the West, and for that matter in the country, who has been successful in many lines of business, said to me not long since, in discussing the question of safe and profitable banking: "The difficulty with the banker who fails lies in his inability to distinguish between the wisdom of making sure of his principal and the folly of a hope of profit in obtaining abnormally large interest rates. The thing to have in a bank is what the English term 'liquid assets,' which, though bearing small interest rates, made so by the solidity of the borrowers, insure a return to the lender of the principal as well as the interest."

The Vast Extension of Credit

The study of credits has become doubly important in the bank as "the one man method" has been eliminated and made impossible. It has come about in a large measure by the extended ramifications of the average business undertaking of the day. Few banks, in the country even, now confine their loans to their immediate depositors, patrons and personal acquaintances. The country bank loans money to those who are doing business in the city, while the city one, through granted credit, makes possible the feeding of large herds of cattle in the country. There was a day when the bank president or cashier could look over a man and determine whether to lend or not to lend, holding a contempt for commercial agency reports or signed business statements. Bankruptcy would intervene very quickly if such methods were now employed; not because the bankers of those days were not able financiers and astute bankers, for they were both, but because of the very multiplicity of transactions and the widespread reach of the most limited business operation at present,. Not the least cause of this required larger knowledge of credits and business methods has come through the placing by business firms of their negotiable paper with the banks, through note brokers, who sell it at a price agreed upon, receiving for their services a certain percentage of commission. To such an extent has this business grown that it has become, when once well established, fully as profitable and far less hazardous than banking itself. I believe that upon the whole it is beneficial to both the lender and the borrower. Every bank ought to carry a certain amount of loans in its discounts which might be looked upon as reserve loans, to be paid promptly at maturity. These should always lie outside of those made to their regular depositors and customers. They should carry with them no obligation of renewal at maturity, as too frequently do those made in the regular course of business to the bank's ordinary patrons. It is this important element in the bank's resources in times of demand upon it that well selected and carefully inspected commercial paper supplies; and because of this the note broker occupies a most important and responsible field. The danger arises when paper is floated too easily and rates are made so low as to cheapen credit to an extent which invites undue expansion and overtrading. But the frauds even here which intervene are not beyond those which are liable to overtake the bank in direct transactions with any customer who plans to practice dishonesty. In connection with it all there is the need on the part of the business house whose obligations pass through the hands of a broker to be prepared to meet, without extension, its creditor's demand.

Separating Depositors and Borrowers

I am not certain but that in many ways it would be profitable for a commercial bank to differentiate its customers, having one class wholly of depositors and another wholly of borrowers, paying the depositors a fair compensation for the use of their deposits and charging the borrower reasonable interest rates for the loans made them. By such a method there would certainly be fewer continuing loans, which result from a feeling of semi-obligation to renew paper when the borrower is at the same time of the depositor class.

There are certain responsibilities entailed upon the banker by the power given to him in having in charge the banking capital of any number of individuals aside from what he owes to his immediate stockholders, depositors and customers. He is derelict in his duty to the community at large if he fails to withhold support from enterprises which are not entitled to credit, and he is criminal if he aids those which are undertaken for purposes of mere speculation. The banker prevents many schemes which if once set in motion would result in much loss and distress. The number which he turns away from, as compared with those in which he at times is led, is legion. His greatest danger to himself, and his greatest source of harm to a community, is when he makes the bank over which he presides the source of granted credit to any undertaking in which he is personally interested. It is dangerous to be both a lender and a borrower at one and the same time. I found in my official experience at Washington that the cause of bank failures in a large number of instances was a too easy persuasion, on the part of a bank officer, that the undertaking with which he had associated himself outside of the bank was not to be tested, in the granting of credit, by the same rules laid down for other borrowers.

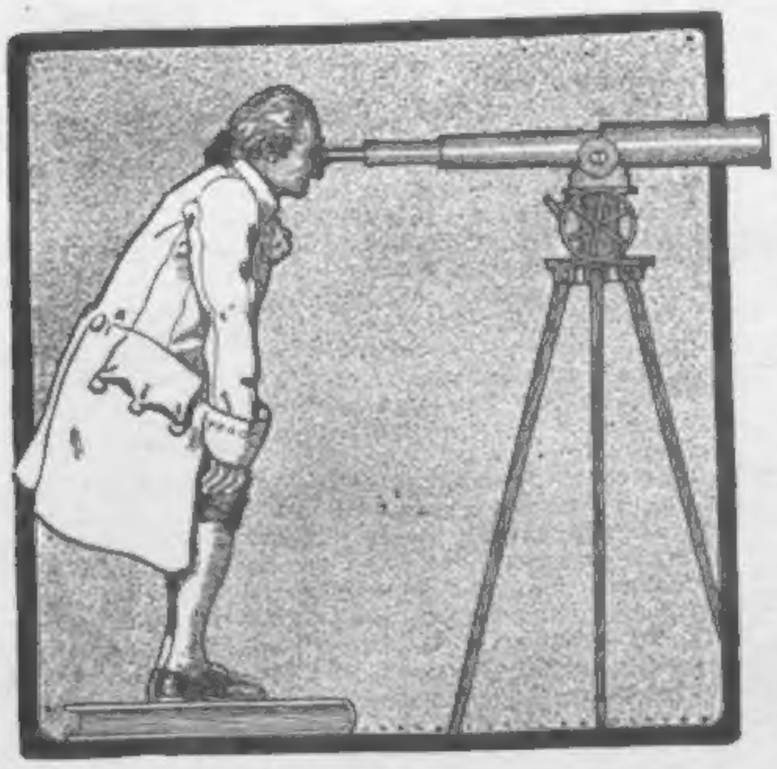
The Strange Circumstances of a Failure

I recall the circumstances surrounding a bank failure while I was Comptroller of the Currency which quite completely illustrates the danger of it all. It occurred in a Western city at a time when bank deposits had been abnormally high and there had been much speculation. The president had a most excellent reputation, and through belief in his probity, integrity and ability as a banker he had been intrusted by Eastern capital with the conduct of the bank which had been established. The record showed that he had drawn to himself the confidence generally of the community and that his bank was fairly prosperous. He had the ability to judge credits impartially until he reached a point where he was persuaded to go into some outside undertakings and make his own bank the source of his own borrowing. The keen discrimination which stood him in good stead when judging others failed in his own case, and that, too, in a matter where it seemed incredible that he could not have known from the outset that failure must necessarily follow the enterprise embarked upon. He took up with the scheme of a traveling alleged physician; ignorant, unschooled in medicine, but boasting the ownership of a patent treatment for certain surgical cases, and possessed of a persuasive tongue. Becoming persuaded as to the future success of the scheme, he joined, with others, in undertaking to back the proprietor in a plan to establish a series of hospitals throughout the country where patients could be treated. As his faith in the enterprise in which he was now the financial man grew, the loans of his bank to it became greater, until at last a sum equal to almost the amount of the bank's whole capital stock had been diverted from other channels to this, and the end was complete failure and bankruptcy. He was tried for misapplication of funds, was convicted, but had the case reversed in the higher courts. The itinerant quack who had drawn him into the scheme went to the penitentiary.

In justice to the great body of bankers I am sure I am warranted in saying that where in one instance they either consciously or unconsciously aid and abet fraud, in a hundred others they prevent or put an end to it.

Editor's Note—The Tales of the Banker will continue at brief intervals through future issues.

The Shrinking World. *By* Nixon Waterman



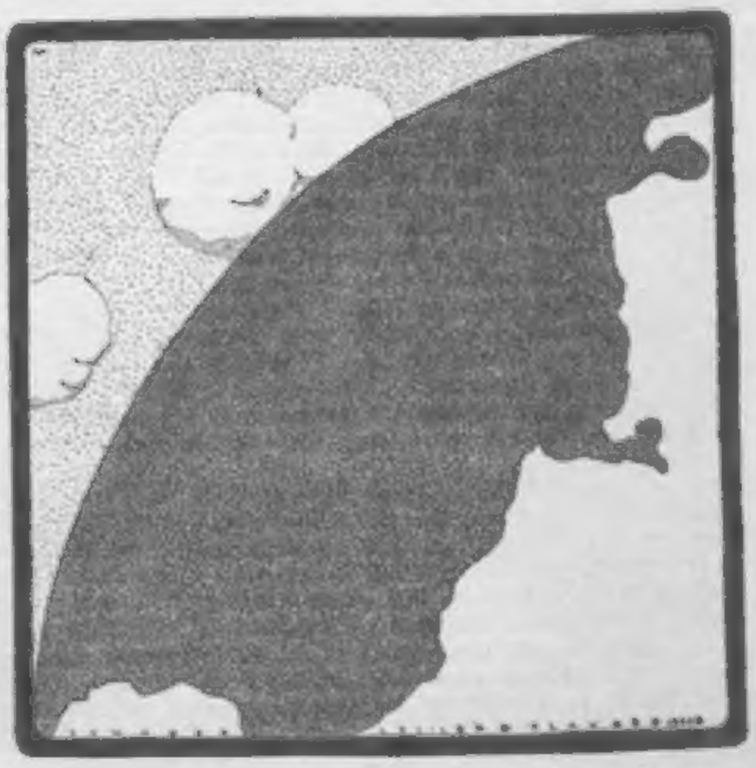
THIS shrinking world in which we live grows smaller day by day,
Till now there isn't any place so very far away;
And lands so sundered in the past that months would intervene,
Have crept so near together there is scarce a week between.

It used to be a great long while from Boston-on-the-Bay
To where the broad Pacific laves the pebbles with its spray,
But now those shores are neighbors in their nearness, so to speak,
And half a year of travel has been squeezed to half a week.

To speak with far-off India once took us full a year,
While now we simply shout "Hello!" and whisper in her ear;
And islands lost in distant seas, when history commenced,
Are chatting with us daily now since space has been condensed.

With steamship lines and railway trains and telegraph and all,
We have compressed this globe until it's just a little ball;
The land is but a step across, the sea is but a pond,
We've got this world encompassed and we sigh for worlds beyond.

We're looking toward the sky the while we fashion, year by year,
Some new and wondrous instrument to draw the planets near;
And scientists, so we are told, perchance may very soon
So do away with distance we can visit with the moon.



The Game of Politics in Kansas.

By Opie Read

WE LEARN more of man's nature from his impulses than from his convictions, for convictions are but sobered impulses. Society in a state of disturbance gives us a better idea of a nation's temperament than could be gathered from society in comparative repose; and in excitement we find the most striking examples of patriotism.

I went to Kansas to speak for expansion, and in a few days I learned more of the temperament of the people than could have been absorbed during years of ordinary residence. I may utter a truth that has been hinted at before when I say that Americans are a nervous people. Kansas is the most nervous State in America. And a certain sort of nervous condition is a strength rather than a weakness. The Twentieth Kansas carried this nerve power to the Philippines.

The East has learned that deliberate methods are not suited to Kansas. Those people want action, not next week but now. An impatient old fellow who in Illinois would have sat quietly about the grocery store, remarked: "The election is to be held on the sixth, eh? What's the use in putting it off?" Out in the western part of the State a judge sentenced a man to be hanged on a day three weeks later. "Your Honor," said the condemned, "couldn't you make it next week? I haven't anything else on hand."

They are quick in their friendships and their dislikes. An old gentleman who looked like John Brown told me this story: "I knew of a fellow who wasn't a Kansas man who ought to have been—man named Ferd Hamilton. He lived in Hot Springs, Arkansas. One day while passing along the street a stranger attracted his attention, and stepping in front of him, Ferd said: 'Wait a moment, please. I'll bet you ten dollars that you are a scoundrel.' The stranger hauled off and knocked Ferd down. And what did Ferd do? Do you think he lay there trying to collect his wits? No, he jumped to his feet and exclaimed: 'Hold on, bet don't go—money wasn't up.' He was a man of remarkable judgment and of the quickest insight, and that's the sort of a citizen we want."

Kansas is what might be termed an "unexpected State." It is a commonwealth of surprises. Sometimes for a period of several years crops fail, until a failure is expected and then comes a harvest that astonishes the world. A justice of the peace told me that jack-rabbits run faster in Kansas than in Nebraska. "That may be," replied a Nebraska man who stood near, "but they don't run any oftener." I don't know what he meant.

New York is a State of types. Kansas is a State of individuals. It is a storm-centre of political impulse. In Illinois the successful politician is a staid and plodding worker, a clerk for his constituents. In Kansas a man to hold the public must have a plot and a carload of scenery. Out there in that broad land of the sunflower and the gigantic "jimson," dullness, though it may be hard-working, is looked upon with a soured mingling of pity, sarcasm and contempt. Ingalls put aside his politics for a few moments and wrote an essay on grass, and the State arose and clapped its hands in applause, and an old farmer remarked to the keen satirist, a scythe blade flashing in the sun: "John, I allus thought there was somethin' to you, an' dinged if you hain't proved it."

One of the best speeches of the entire campaign, either in Kansas or in any other State, was made by Henry Allen, a country newspaper man, a man whose philosophical eye looks back with fondness and humor upon his early struggle for an education. He found an old razor, sharpened it on his boot and shaved his way through college. "Yes, sir," he said to me, and there was modesty in the tone of his voice; "I have made my mark—and it is there yet, on the face of a kindly old gentleman who held down the chair of ancient and harmless languages. I shaved him—once." Some one asked him how he acquired such aptness as a talker and he answered:

"I had the opportunity to study expression as I lathered it." He took up the trust question and gave it a pleasing color; he made me almost wish that I might own the controlling interest in some great aggregation of capital. Once in his enthusiasm he made a mistake in his figures. "It was not so long ago," said he, speaking to a large audience, "that we trembled upon taking up the newspaper at morning in fear that the gold reserve had been drawn upon during the night. But now what is the condition of our great storehouse of gold? In the national treasury we have in gold two hundred and eighty-seven dollars." He meant millions. Just at that moment a red-haired boy, standing between his father's knees, began to cry. "What's the matter with him?" a neighbor asked. "He's cryin' because there is so little gold in the treasury," the boy's father replied. He had the trait of his commonwealth—was a man of instant decision.

I met Jerry Simpson, who has been called "sockless." But he is not soulless; he has as kindly an eye as ever moistened at the sight of distress. His voice is the echo of a warm heart. He accepted office, but so did Jefferson; he looked for it. I don't remember whether Jefferson did or not. They accuse him of coloring his talk to suit the occasion, and I am told that Demosthenes was not above that sort of thing. I heard a conversation between Simpson and an old Kentuckian who had become acclimated to the sharp political winds of Kansas.

"That's all well enough," said Simpson, "but America ought not to bite off more than she can chaw."

"Of course not," replied the Kentuckian, "but I don't believe America will bite off more than she can chaw. I don't reckon any nation's got a better set of teeth."

"But," Simpson persisted, "I don't think we can take in those islands under the Constitution."

"That mout be," rejoined the Kentuckian, "but we can fetch 'em in under the flag, and I guess the Constitution will become riconciled."

Just then some one turned to Allen and said: "Well, Henry, you know that the election here is always a sort of a family affair, and no matter how hard we fight we are all brothers afterward. So, when this thing is over, and you get to be a good Populist, come over to my house and see me."

"All right," Allen replied. "Whenever I become a Populist I won't care a darn where I go."

Every man in Kansas is a politician, and what is more, nearly every man can make a speech. One night an oldish man who had never attempted to address an audience was urged to get up and express himself. He hung back with the red embarrassment of the Friday-afternoon-boy, when visitors have unexpectedly entered the schoolroom. But finally he yielded, and at first he fumbled about for words. "He is sorting potatoes," some one whispered. Suddenly he forgot to fumble, and boldly launched a majestic tirade against the evils of the day. His eyes blazed. He popped circling serpents of fire from the ends of his fingers. The audience was entranced. And when the eye-blaze was turned low and the serpents were all popped off, he stood there a surprise unto himself. But he did not permit this unexpected crop to go to waste. Instantly he said: "Now that I think of it, I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Congress."

To such a people a political contest comes as a sort of joy. It is the Christmas of the emotions. An Eastern statesman with more dignity than perception, before a Kansas audience, thus began his remarks: "Fellow-citizens. I think——"

"We don't care what you think. Tell us something new," a voice shouted. The statesman's speech was ruined. But the man who followed was a Kansan. He had come out recently for expansion.

"Sorry to see you on that side of the fence," some one cried out.

"Sorry to see you at all," the speaker replied, and was permitted to go on without further interruption.

They are riotous lovers of fun, but under the soft spell of a pathetic story each man looks as if he had a diamond in his eye. Ingalls often excited their admiration but he never touched their hearts. From the crumbling tower of his cynicism he threw stars at them and brought down a full moon when he fell, and in mute admiration but with tearless eyes they gazed upon the glittering ruin.

And it was to these people that I was called upon to make speeches. I felt like a "tenderfoot" with a toy pistol. I had not the courage to draw my twenty-two where there were so many forty-fives. I reminded myself of a story that I heard down in Mississippi. You may have heard it. A train stopped for dinner in the swamps. A negro stood on a veranda ringing a bell. A dog began to howl. The negro looked at the dog and said: "What are you cryin' erbout? You don't have to eat here."

I didn't *have* to speak there; and I stood in cowardly fright when the chairman whispered to me: "Tell them some stories." And after that my way was clear. I hope to meet that chairman in a land that is better than this, where there are no politics—but story, the sublime story of the sinner-man's redemption. The story does not pull down the philosopher but places the common man beside him. Make a man laugh and he is half convinced. Men who have no humor sneer "with conscious mediocrity." Tom Corwin knew this when he said: "My son, be solemn—be as solemn as an ass." He knew that dull solemnity is often mistaken for statesmanship. Humor in politics is not frivolity. It is a mellow light thrown upon truth. And that is the way they look at it in Kansas. The Kansas man reads. The best publications lie upon the farmer's centre-table. His understanding is clear. The only thing he has to fight is a rebellious nerve. He has all the statistics of a campaign issue, and he is bored when a speaker makes a "splurge" of figures. If so minded he can put you to sleep with extracts from speeches on the tariff. He knows all about the recent treaties into which his country has entered. Allen said: "I don't know whether this Treaty of Paris is a good thing or not. I have read it over twice and it struck me as being a pretty fair article of treaty. I may be wrong. I haven't had the time to study it. But there is an old man in my town who says that it is not a good thing. He ought to know. He has had the leisure to commit it to memory. His wife takes in washing."

In most States the farmers drive to town in wagons. In Kansas they come in buggies. They know the meaning of hard luck and they know how to stand it. They are adventurous and religious. They believe in self and the Almighty. Nothing would please them more than to go to war. They love peace if it be honorable, but the glory of the soldier appeals to them. The women read politics. And they tell me that platforms are easy to understand. That may be. During the campaign a jubilee corps of fifteen or twenty girls went about singing gold, tariff and expansion. It was a sort of political Salvation Army. A man told me that they had sung him out of his former convictions. "Yes, sir," said he, "I can stand hammering and all that sort of thing, but whenever they introduce the mourners' bench methods I throw up my hands."

It is much easier to tell stories on the political stump than on the lecture platform. I mean that it is easier to get the audiences. If a lecturer could gather such crowds it wouldn't make any difference to him who is elected. I have stood before some of the smallest audiences in this country and I know what I am talking about. At times I have been forced to abandon the set form of "Ladies and Gentlemen," and to say, "Good-evening, sir." A political audience is like a packed jury—it is already convinced; and the successful speaker is the one who "loses" the smallest number of votes. At a little town the circuit judge came to me after the meeting and said:

"Well, sir, I don't want to flatter you, but I must compliment you. I don't believe you are doing any particular harm." I laughed, and he mistook my merriment for incredulity. "Oh, it is a fact. I have heard several say so." Afterward I learned that this was high praise.

One night a "new" Englishman came into the hotel. He was "doing" America for the first time. "Ah," said he, speaking to the landlord, "I perpetrated a telling witticism to-day, out further west a bit. A man, quite an insolent fellow, I assure you, referred to me as a 'tenderfoot,' and as quick as a flash I spoke up. I couldn't hold in any longer. 'Yes,' I says, 'my feet are a bit tender for I am wearing American shoes, you know,' and upon my honor it so cut him he couldn't say a word."

"That so?" drawled the landlord. "He might have told you that if it was on account of American shoes the whole of England would have tender feet after a while."

"Oh, come now!" exclaimed the Englishman, "I don't call that wit. I call that impertinence."

In musing over my experience I do not regret having gone to Kansas to become a part of their machinery. I felt the current of a mighty kinship; for the first time I stood as one engaged in a great work—and I am consoled by the chairman's report—"He didn't hurt us much."

DRIZZLE

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

HIT'S been drizzlin' an' been sprinklin',
Kin' o' techy all day long.
I ain't wet enough fu' toddy,
I's too damp to raise a song.
An' de case have set me thinkin',
Dat dey's folks des lak de rain,
Dat goes drizzlin' when dey's talkin',
An' won't speak out flat an' plain.

Ain't you nevah set an' listened
At a body 'splain his min'?
W'en de thoughts they kep' on drappin'
Wasn' big enough to fin'?
Dem's what I call drizzlin' people,
Othahs call 'em mealy mouf,
But de fust name hits me bettah,
Case dey nevah tech a drouf.

Dey kin talk f'om hyeah to yandah,
An' f'om yandah hyeah ergain,
An' dey don' mek no mo' 'pression,
Den dis powd'ry kin' o' rain.
Ef yo' min' is dry ez cindahs,
Er a piece o' kindlin' wood,
T'ain't no use a-talkin' to 'em,
Fu' dey drizzle ain't no good.

Gimme folks dat speak out nachul,
What'll say des what dey mean,
What don't set dey wo'ds so skimpy
Dat you got to guess between.
I want to talk des' lak de showahs
What kin wash de dust erway,
Not dat sprinklin' conversation,
Dat des drizzle all de day.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Within the Fold: Without the Pale

Dr Ethelbert D. Warfield, President of Lafayette College, has been made a Doctor of Divinity. He can, therefore, never again extricate himself from a difficult position at Girard College, as he once did

Every one may not know that this great institution in Philadelphia, founded by the multi-millionaire, Stephen Girard, has the most remarkable restriction of any institution in the world. It allows no clergyman of any denomination within its gates. This does not mean that the college teachings are atheistic; they are Christian, but non-sectarian But no ordained priest of any creed can visit the college, become a member of its board, or take part in any celebration

At the great semi-centennial banquet given at the college men distinguished in letters, statesmanship, art and the sciences were present. Hon. Thomas B. Reed was the speaker of the evening; he was followed in impromptu speeches by Hon. Charles Emory Smith and many others of equal prominence. Among them was Dr. E. D. Warfield President of Lafayette College. General Louis Wagner, then an official of Girard College, was toast-master, and when he announced Doctor Warfield's name as speaker a ripple of consternation went over the guests. Many at once remembered that he was the head of a famous Presbyterian college, under the guidance of the Presbyterian Assembly He was announced as "Doctor Warfield" Men wondered what had happened It was a very great occasion, and for General Wagner to have made a mistake on this night was significant. No Doctor of Divinity had ever before been allowed inside the walls of the estate. It was an awkward moment for every one

Doctor Warfield (who, by the way, is a very young man for so large a position) saw the consternation in every face. He arose and said: "Gentlemen, I was invited, then uninvited, then reinvited, to this banquet. I was only accepted at the eleventh hour. I was invited because I had the honor of being President of Lafayette College. I was uninvited by courteous letters because I add the prefix 'Doctor' to my name. I was reinvited when I promised to clear myself My position is best illustrated by a speech I heard an old negro make in Virginia. We were invited, along with some Northerners, to go to a famous church and hear a colored revivalist

"We filed into the church and spread ourselves well over the front pews. When the old revivalist got up to preach he surveyed that double line of interested white faces with dismay, and said: 'Gentlemen, I beg you to believe I am not a preacher; I am only an exhorter

"And I say to you, gentlemen, his words, and add: I am not a D. D.; I am only an LL. D."

The Czar's Hand in Washington Society

The recent granting of the title of Countess to Mlle Marguerite Cassini, grandniece and adopted daughter of the Russian Minister to the United States, has greatly interested Washington society, and is regarded as a deserved honor for a charming and popular girl. (She is not quite nineteen years of age.)

Countess Cassini is mistress of the Russian Ambassador's household and is looked upon as one of the most graceful and dignified hostesses in Washington. The title of Countess was given to her a few weeks ago by a special ukase of the Czar of Russia, and the new dignity will add greatly to her social position

In spite of her tact and her charming manners, some of the wives and daughters in Washington society refused to give her the position that Count Cassini considered to be her due The trouble was that she was neither the wife nor the daughter of a diplomat; and there have been numerous heart burnings, discussions and delicate negotiations in regard to questions of precedence. Now her social rank is the same as if she were the wife of the Ambassador

Countess Cassini is tall and slender, with dark brown hair fine brown eyes, and a fair complexion. She is highly educated, and speaks several languages with fluency. She is an ardent golf player and also enthusiastic over automobiling fencing and wheeling With her love for active sports goes a delightful modesty and womanliness

Since the age of four years she has been a member of her granduncle's household

The Dilemma of Max Muller

Professor Friedrich Max Muller, the famous Oriental scholar, whose recent death has left a place hard to fill in the intellectual and social life of Oxford, was particularly well known to American students and visitors in that city

Professor Muller had a distinguished career. Born in Germany in 1823, he received his education in Paris, Leipsic and Berlin, and when twenty three years of age went to England

In 1850, charmed by the atmosphere of picturesqueness and learning at Oxford, he established himself there, and in 1854, so highly was his erudition esteemed, he was made professor of modern languages, and later professor of comparative philology. His works on Sanskrit literature, on philology and on Oriental subjects are high authorities

In the summer of 1890 an American friend was on his way to visit the professor at Oxford, and picked up at a railway station a copy of a review which contained as its leading article a lecture delivered by Professor Muller only the evening before in opening the Oxford Summer School of University Extension. It was a very interesting lecture, and at dinner that evening the friend expressed his enjoyment of it

Professor Muller was at once alertly interested, and closely inquired about the magazine and its time of publication, evidently not having seen it himself He then explained that he had been asked to give the editor the lecture for use in this number, but as the regular day of publication antedated the time set for the delivery of the lecture he had declined to give it. The editor, however, had agreed to delay the publication of the review, and the professor had, in consequence, finally given him the manuscript

"But," said he to the American, "I have been nervous lest by some accident the lecture should be published before it was delivered. For," he added, "I have had unpleasant experiences of that sort. Once I was asked to speak at an important dinner in London upon a topic in which I was much interested. I accepted the invitation and prepared my address with great care. When I went up to London I went to the office of the Times and called upon the editor. We talked of the dinner and of my speech, and the result was that I let the editor have a portion of it for publication the next day, and he agreed to make some comment upon the ideas advanced in it

What was my surprise, when I went to the dinner, to be told by the chairman that a change had been made in the program; that I was not to speak on the subject at first assigned me, but for the two universities. I expostulated but in vain. I could not explain. I could not say that the Times would next day refer editorially to the speech that I had prepared Such a statement might be misconstrued The editorial might, for some unforeseen contingency, be withheld

I could only say I must be permitted to speak on the subject assigned me The chairman was obdurate. I, too, was necessarily obdurate and at last said I should have to take my hat and go home Then he gave way. I made my speech, the Times article appeared, and all went well"

Mrs. Stevenson's Twenty-Two-Course Dinner

Mrs Cornelius Stevenson is a woman of more than local fame Her book called A Dream of Empire, dealing with Maximilian's ill fated reign in Mexico, brought her before the literary and historical world. Her studies in, and papers on, archæology have made her a figure in the scientific world She has added to this theoretical knowledge by recently making a trip to Egypt in the interests of the University of Pennsylvania, of whose Archæological Department she is the only woman member. Her mission in Egypt was a diplomatic one, for she is versed in the ways of diplomacy, having spent all her girlhood at the French Embassy in Mexico Her book, in truth, which appeared first as a serial, was written by the aid of dozens of letters which were sent to her by the young men who were in the thick of the fight when Maximilian tried to found an Empire in Mexico The men were part and parcel of that eventful time, and she was a charming young girl who had many sweethearts in the gay diplomatic set. She had brains as well as magnetism, and they wrote her of political intrigue, personal gossip, what men were doing and saying These letters she preserved and it was from this knowledge, together with her own, of things eventful in that time, that she wrote the book

Her trip to Egypt put her in touch with the people, the excavations, the political life and the archæological researches of that country. She says the most interesting meal she ate was a grand dinner given her by the greatest sheik in that part of the country. His invitation came to her with great formality, and she looked forward to the dinner with delight She felt it would be a unique sensation

But she could not eat one quarter as much as they served to her She enjoyed the first few courses and was sati[illegible] Dish after dish was served by the Bedouin servants, on on went the dinner, and the others ate, but it was impossible for her to do so She touched the food slightly, up to the fifteenth course then nature rebelled

At the last course the powerful sheik arose. He was obviously irritated and concerned. Making her a sweeping bow, he said: "Madam, you do not eat, because you are angry that I have not served you more dishes. I want not to offend. I have served twenty two dishes, madam, the highest honor we can possibly pay. It is exactly the same dinner, madam, that I served to your great war lord General Grant, when he was my guest"

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER

COUNTESS MARGUERITE CASSINI

DR ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD

Professor Max Muller was one of the world's authorities on philology He was born in Germany [illegible]

President Warfield was born in Kentucky in 1857 After graduating at Princeton he studied for a time at Oxford. He was once made Pro[illegible]

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

HOW THE CRASH CAME

THE crash has come, and the Dean and my adviser, two or three instructors, some of the fellows at the table, and even Berrisford (this last is a little too much), have all taken occasion to inform me regretfully that [illegible] foresaw it from the first. This is the sort of thing that makes a man bitter. How did I know what was ahead of me? If they all realized so well that I was going to flunk the hour exams—why didn't they let me know then? It might have done some good if they had told me three weeks ago that they thought me stupid, but I fail to see the point of their giving me to understand at this stage of the game that they themselves, all along, have been so awfully clever. Yet, that's just what they've done, all except Duggie. And strangely enough it was Duggie that I most dreaded. As a matter of fact he has scarcely mentioned the subject. When I went into his room one night and stood around for a while without knowing how to begin and finally came out with

"Well, I suppose Berri's told you that I didn't get through a single exam"—he merely said:

"That's tough luck; I'm darned sorry;" and then after a moment he added: "Oh, well, there'll be some more coming along in February, it isn't as if they weren't going to let you have another whack at things."

"Of course I know it isn't my last chance," I answered drearily; "but I can't help feeling that the fact of its being my first makes it almost as bad. It starts me all wrong in the opinion of the Dean and my adviser and the college generally." Somehow I couldn't bring myself to tell Duggie what I thought, and what, in a measure, I still think—namely, that the marks I got were most unjust. There's something about Duggie—I don't know what it is exactly—that always makes you try to take the tone, when you're telling him anything, that you feel he would take if he were telling the same thing to you. This sounds rather complicated, but what I mean, for instance, is that if he got E in all his exams and thought the instructors had been unjust, he would probably go and have it out with them, but he wouldn't complain to any one else. Of course it's simply nonsense even to pretend, for the sake of argument, that Duggie could flunk in anything; but, anyhow, that's what I mean.

However, I didn't have the same hesitation in saying to Berrisford that I considered myself pretty badly treated.

"I know, of course, that I didn't write clever papers," I told him, "but I at least wrote long ones. They ought to give me some credit for that, enough to squeeze through on, anyhow." Berri agreed with me perfectly that all the instructors were unjust, yet at the same time he said, with a peculiarly irritating, judicial manner that he sometimes assumes when you least expect it:

"But I can understand—I can understand. It's most unfortunate—but it's very human—very natural. As long as we employ this primitive, inadequate method of determining the amount of a man's knowledge, we must expect to collide every now and then with the personal equation." This sounded like a new superintendent addressing the village school board for the first time, but I didn't say anything, as I knew there was something behind it that Berri didn't care just then to make more clear. Berri has exceedingly definite ideas about things, but he "aims to please"; he finds it hard to express himself and at the same time to make everything come out pleasantly in the end.

"What you say is no doubt important and true," I answered; "but I don't know what it means."

"Why, I simply mean that in thinking the matter over one can't get around the fact that ever since college opened you've been—what shall I say? People have been more aware of you than your size would seem to justify; you've been, as it were, a cinder in the public eye." Berrisford stopped abruptly, and for a moment looked sort of aghast.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he exclaimed more in his natural tone; "I hadn't any idea it was coming out that way, that's the trouble with metaphor."

"I don't see how I've been more of a cinder than any one else—than you've been, for instance," I objected. "I've seen more of you than I've seen of any one, and I've been seen more with you," I added.

"That's the frightful injustice of it," Berrisford put in triumphantly. "That's what I'm trying to get at." (I don't believe he was at all, but I let him continue.) "We've always done about the same things—but fate has ordained that in every instance you were to leave your impress upon the wax of hostile opinion, while I was as the house of sand, effaced by Neptune's briny hand. (Doesn't that last sound exactly like Pope at his worst?) You see, you got yourself arrested at the very beginning of things. Of course, socially speaking, it was a brilliant move; it simply made you. But on the other hand, I don't think it helped very much to—to—well, to bring you thoroughly in touch with the Faculty; and one has to look out for that. Then you know, of all the hundreds that swarmed down the fire-escape during Professor Kinde's lectures, you were the only one who had the misfortune to be caught. This naturally made the fire escape impossible from then on, and once more turned the garish light of publicity upon you. And to cap all—you were inspired to give Mr. Much the fine arts book. Why, my dear child, your name is a household word!"

The incident of the fine arts book, I confess, was enough to make a man just give up and turn cynical.

Mr. Much is a Boston architect who comes out from town twice a week to lecture on ancient art. They think a great deal of him in Boston. He stands at the head of his profession there, because, as he's never built anything, even the most critical have no grounds for complaint. Berri says there are lots of people like that in Boston—painters and writers and musicians who are really very great, but think it more refined just to "hive" their works. He meets them at his aunt's house, where they often gather to talk it all over. Well, at the first lecture Much told us to buy and read carefully a certain treatise on ancient art and always bring it to the lectures, as he would refer to it frequently. I acted on his advice to the extent of examining the book in the cooperative store one day; but it was large and heavy and the illustrations were rather old fashioned, and it cost two dollars, so I decided I could get along without it. Most of the fellows did the same thing, and the impulsive few who actually bought it got tired after a while of lugging it to the lectures, as Much didn't show any intention of ever referring to it.

One morning as I was strolling over to hear him tell about the influence of Greek something or other on something else, and the deplorable decadence it had undergone later at the hands of the Romans, Hemington darted out of a book store in the Square and said, "If you're going to Fine Arts, just take this book and give it to Bertie Stockbridge." (Bertie is his roommate.) "I'm going to cut; I have to meet my father in town." I took the book and pursued my way.

Now, that morning, for the first time, Much, after lecturing for about half an hour, surprised every one by breaking off abruptly and saying:

"There's a very *helpful* note on page eighteen of Geschmitzenmenger's Ancient Art that I wish you would all turn to." Then after a moment he added: "As some of us may have failed to bring the book this morning, I think I shall read the note in question aloud." He came to the edge of the platform and with a solicitous smile held out his hand, but no one in the front row had a book to lend him. His smile changed to an expression of mild disgust, and he glanced along the second row of seats. No one responded, however, and he swept the room with a look of annoyance, exclaiming, "Come—come," and snapping his fingers impatiently. Just then the fellow next to me murmured: "Will any lady or gentleman in the audience kindly lend me a high hat, three rabbits and a dozen fresh eggs?" and I laughed. And as I laughed, I leaned over to hide my face—and there on my lap was Geschmitzenmenger's Ancient Art; after Hemington had given it to me I was so interested in whether he would catch his ear or not that I had never looked at it at all.

"Is it possible that no one has provided himself with the book I requested you to procure?" Mr. Much was asking incredulously. I saw my chance to make a bit, and after a moment of impressive silence I arose and walked to the platform. There was a gust of dumfounded laughter, followed by prolonged applause. As I went back to my seat all the fellows who could reach me insisted on patting me on the back and grasping me by the hand. It was most embarrassing. But the really sickening part of it was to come.

Mr. Much made a little speech about me, saying, "I am glad that there is at least one, etc., etc., etc.," and when he had finished he opened the book with a flourish and found, as was quite natural, that none of the leaves had been cut. I suppose this was in the nature of a last straw, for he simply stood there a minute, fingering the pages helplessly and smiling the pitiful, philosophic smile of one who has lived long enough to have had even his most conservative illusions dispelled, then he turned the book around and held it open for every one to howl at, and finally he dismissed us with a hopeless gesture that expressed the unutterable. Whereupon I was seized by strong, willing hands and borne aloft all over the Yard, followed by the whole class, hooting and jeering.

—then he turned the book around and held it open for every one to howl at

It was this that led Berri to say that my name had become a household word.

"You see," Berri went on, "when an instructor reads my examination book, for instance, the signature of the writer conveys nothing to him, but when he strikes yours—he stops and exclaims, 'Where have I seen that name before?' Then he sharpens his pencil to its finest possible point and gives you E."

"But you do agree with me that it's terribly unjust?" I asked him, for that, after all, seemed to be the main thing.

"Why, of course it's unjust," Berrisford answered decidedly. "It's one of the worst cases that has ever come to my notice."

It didn't occur to me until afterward that, as these were our first examinations, Berrisford's "notice" had not been particularly extensive. For I felt so badly about the whole thing that it was agreeable to know that an intelligent person like Berrisford believed I had been shabbily treated. It was his moral support, I think, that gave me nerve enough to complain to my adviser.

My adviser is a young man and seems like an appreciative, well disposed sort of person (he offered me a cigar after I had sat down in his study), so I didn't have any difficulty in telling him right off what I had come for.

"I've heard from my hour examinations," I said, "and I find that I have been given E in all of them." (I was careful not to say that I had failed or flunked, or hadn't passed, as that was not the impression I wished to convey.)

"We have met the enemy and we are theirs," he answered pleasantly. "Yes, I heard about that," he went on, "and I hoped you would come in to see me." Then he waited a while—until the clock began to get noisy—and at last he glanced up and said:

"What was it doing when you came in? It looked like snow this afternoon." But I hadn't gone there to discuss meteorology, so I ignored his remark.

"I can scarcely think I could have failed in everything," I suggested.

"It *is* somewhat incredible—isn't it?" the young man murmured.

"I never stopped writing from the time an examination began until it stopped," I said.

"What did you think it was—a strength test?" he asked [illegible]

[illegible]

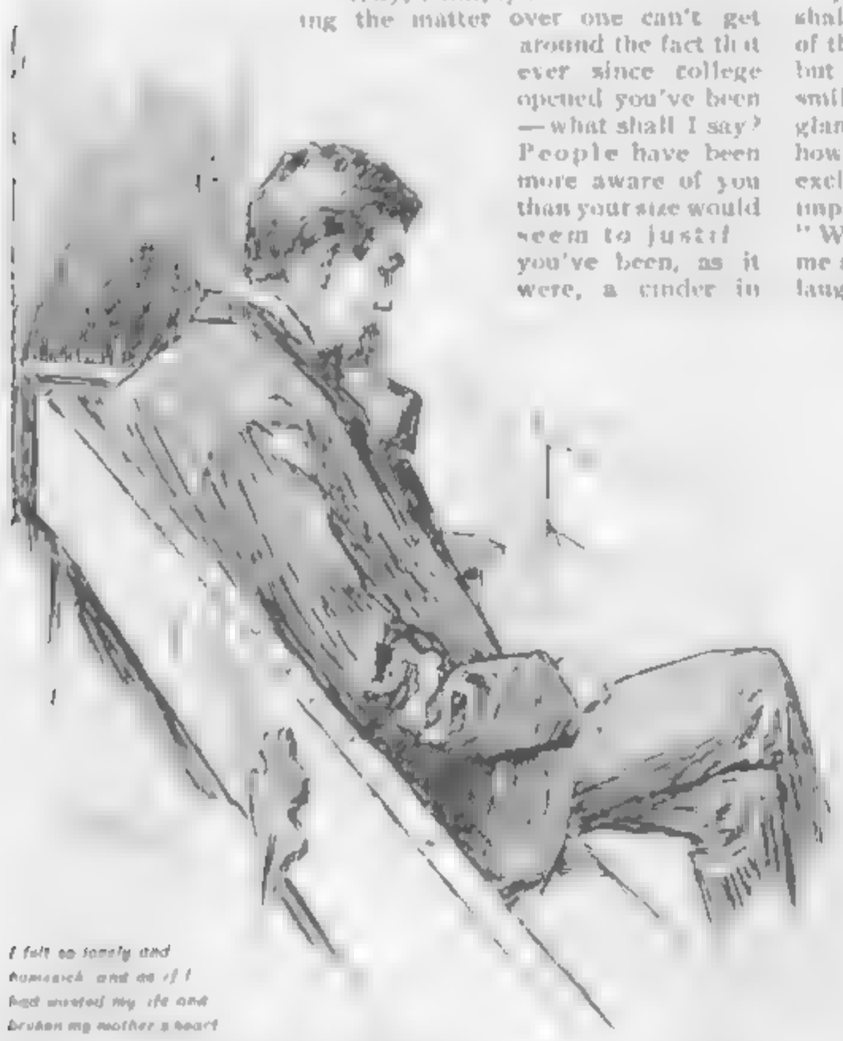
"Yes," he acknowledged, "your instructors were convinced of that."

"And I don't think I got enough credit for it. If I had the books here I feel sure I could make this plain."

"Well—let's look them over," he answered readily; and much to my astonishment he went to his desk and brought back all my blue-books.

I confess I hadn't expected anything quite so definite as this, but I tried to appear as if I had hoped that it was just what might happen. We sat down side by side and read aloud—first an examination question (he had provided himself with a full set of the papers) and then my answer to it.

"'Explain polarized light,'" he re[illegible]



I felt so lonely and homesick and as if I had wasted my life and broken my mother's heart

"'The subject of polarized light, as I understand it, is not very well understood,'" I began; at which my adviser put his hands to his head and rocked to and fro

"If you don't mind," I said, "I think I'd rather begin on one of the others; this physics course is merely to make up a condition, and perhaps I've not devoted very much time to it it isn't a fair test." So we took up the history paper and read the first question, which was: "What was the Lombard League?" My answer I considered rather neat, for I had written: "The Lombard League was a coalition formed by the Lombards." I paused after reading it and glanced at my adviser

"It was a simple question, and I gave it a simple answer, I murmured!

"I'm afraid you depreciate yourself, Mr. Wood," he replied. "Your use of the word 'coalition' is masterly

"But what more could I have said?" I protested!

I don't think you could have said *anything* more," he answered inscrutably

I read on and on, and he interrupted me only twice—once in the philosophy course to point out politely that what I constantly referred to as "Hobbe's Octopus" ought to be 'Hobbe's Leviathan," and once in the questions in English Literature, to explain that somebody or other's "Apologia Pro Vita Sua" was not—as I had translated it—"an apology for living in a sewer" (I could have killed Berrisford for that—and it sounded so plausible, too; for any one who lived in a sewer would naturally apologize.) He let me proceed, and after a time I couldn't even bring myself to stop and contest the decisions as I had done at first; for I dreaded the way he had of making my most serious remarks sound rather childish. So I rattled on, faster and faster, until I found myself mumbling in a low tone, without pronouncing half the words, and then I suddenly stopped and put the blue-book on the table and stared across the room at the wall

He didn't express any surprise, which, on the whole, was very decent of him, and after a minute or two of silence, during which he gathered up the evidence and put it back in his desk, we began to talk football and our chances of winning the big game. He said some nice things about Duggie, and hoped the rumor that he was overtrained wasn't true. I told him that I lived in the same house with Duggie and knew him very well, and feared it was true He seemed glad that I knew Duggie. I stayed for about fifteen minutes so as not to seem abrupt or angry at the way my visit had turned out, and then left. We didn't refer to the exams again, so I don't see exactly how I can ever right the wrong they have done me. If my adviser were a different kind of man I could have managed it, I think

I haven't seen very much of the fellows lately, except, of course, at meals—that is to say, at luncheon and dinner, for I can't stand their comments at breakfast. They greet me with "Hello, old man—what's [illegible] about your [illegible] the Phi Beta Kappa" "Is it true that you're going to get your degree in three years?" "I shouldn't go in for a *summa cum* if I were you; a *magna* is just as good;" and all that sort of thing They evidently find it very humorous, for it never fails to make them all laugh. I've taken to breakfasting at The Holly Tree, as I don't often meet any one I know there I did one morning, however, come across the little instructor who had charge of the Freshman registration and made quavering remarks at me in a kind of Elizabethan dialect. He's a most extraordinary person. As he doesn't say more than half he means, and as I don't understand more than half he says, I find conversation with him very exhausting. But I like him, somehow

I was reading a newspaper when he came in and didn't realize that he was standing near me until I heard a slow tremulous, reproachful voice saying

"Who's been sitting in *my* chair?" It seems that he always has his breakfast at the same table in the chair that I, in my ignorance, had taken. I jumped up, of course, and after he had sat down and leaned back, he murmured feebly

I'm an old man; but I know my place" (I didn't know why he said this, as he isn't an old man at all, he can't be more than thirty-six or thirty-seven.

"I'm a young man, but I seem to know your place," I laughed, as I looked around for another chair

"You clever boys chaff me so," he replied mournfully "You mustn't chaff me; I'm only a simple villager" Just then the waitress appeared at a hole in the buff colored fence that deludes itself into thinking it differentiates the kitchen from the dining-room, and the little man pounded softly and gently on the table, exclaiming,

"What ho—Katy; some sack—some sack!" A request that Katy evidently understood better than I did, for she withdrew and came back in a moment with a cup of tea

"How now, Sir John—is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?" the instructor inquired of me; which caused Katy—who had lingered to hear what we wanted for breakfast—to twist a corner of her apron around her finger and gurgle ecstatically

'Now, Mr. Fleetwood, you stop."

We sat there talking for more than an hour, and I don't know when I've had so improving a conversation. We talked mostly about books and plays. Mr Fleetwood seems to care a great deal about both and discussed them differently from the way most people do. At our table at Mrs. Brown's, for instance, a book or a play is always either "rotten" or a "corker." But Fleetwood has no end of things to tell about them. He seems to know all the people who do the writing and acting, and remembers all the clever remarks they've made to him at various times, and the even cleverer ones he made in reply. Finally, when I got up to go he relapsed suddenly into his more doleful manner and said

'You will come to my Wednesday evenings—won't you?

I felt as if I ought to have known what they were; but I'd never heard of them, so I suppose I looked mystified

'The lions roar at my Wednesday evenings," he explained, turning on the tremolo in his voice, "but they won't hurt you—because they like me. They'll like you, too, if you'll come," I said I should like to come very much

When do you have your Wednesday evenings?" I asked, for he was so dreadfully vague. He looked at me vacantly and then stared at the ceiling a while, as if trying to think

"On Wednesday evenings," he at last petulantly quivered; and I left, for I began to think I was losing my mind

With the exception of Fleetwood that morning I haven't met any one else I know at The Holly Tree. To tell the truth, I haven't been very sociable of late. The result of the exams was rather depressing, and besides—I can't help realizing that solitude is inexpensive, if nothing else. I don't like to go in town unless I can pay my share, and, as I haven't been able as yet even to get my watch out of hock, in spite of mamma's urgent telegram, I don't see my way to going to the theatre and eating around at expensive hotels. Of course I could have the tickets charged—but they're the least of it And anyhow I owe so much already I hate to make it worse Berri advised me to pawn the old fashioned fob that belongs to my watch and get the watch back (The fob has a huge topaz or some such thing in it that ought to bring a lot.) But I'm tired of disposing of heirlooms

I went to the first Symphony in Sanders' Theatre the other night. Duggie gave me his ticket, as the head coach, and the doctor who looks after the team told him he wasn't feeling well and made him go to bed instead. It was a wonderful concert, and I enjoyed it very much, although I couldn't help wondering all the time why I was enjoying it, for a man who looked like a Skye terrier played beautiful, sad things on the 'cello until I felt so lonely and homesick and as if I had wasted my life and broken my mother's heart, that I began to sniff; and the lady who was sitting next to me (she had a huge music book on her lap and was following every note with her finger and swaying from side to side like a cobra) turned and glared at me

On Saturday afternoon they wouldn't let Duggie play in the game, and advised him to go home for Sunday. He came into my room where I was sitting by the fire feeling pretty blue, and after talking a while said he wanted me to go with him Berrisford came in while I was getting ready, and when he saw how little I was taking with me he exclaimed: "Good Heavens, man—you can't go that way Duggie wouldn't mind, and neither would his family; but you must show *some* consideration for the servants. And you'd better take a piece of bread in your pocket, to munch when nobody's looking, as you'll get there too late for tea, and they don't dine until some time during the middle of the night." He made me pack my dress-clothes (they've been mended) and gave me his hair brushes, as they have ivory backs with black monograms on them I can't feel thankful enough that he warned me in time; for everything turned out just as he said. (Berri *is* clever; there's no getting around it.)

I can't write about my visit to-night; it's too late to do justice to the novel and delightful time I had. I enjoyed every minute of it; even the thing that Duggie told me—Sunday morning didn't spoil it. (Berri said he probably took me home with him in order to break the news gently.)

We had been sitting on the rocks in the sun, looking out to sea and listening to the lazy waves break over the beach about half a mile away (at that distance they looked like a flock of sheep playing on the sand), when Duggie told me in as nice a way as one possibly can tell disagreeable news that the Administrative Board had decided to put me on probation

Editor's Note—The next installment of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman will appear in The Saturday Evening Post of January 5.

[illegible] but half a mile away (at that distance they looked like a flock of sheep playing on the sand), when Duggie told me in as nice a way as one possibly can tell disagreeable news that the Administrative Board had decided to put me on probation

The New England Bird Fishery

ONE of the most curious of the methods adopted by New England deep-sea fishermen is the utilization of birds for bait In deep water it is difficult to obtain supplies of bait, though cod roe, and even clams taken from the stomachs of codfish, are occasionally employed. The necessity thus created has given rise to a fishery not for fishes, but for seafowl, the flesh of the latter being utilized for bait. In fishing for birds, two men go out in a dory and throw pieces of cod-liver upon the water. These fragments quickly attract the ever-present "stormy petrels," which gather in flocks around the floating morsels. Pretty soon bigger birds perceive from a distance the assemblage of small feathered fry, and infer that there is food to be got Accordingly, within a few minutes big gulls, haglons and jaegers are seen coming from all points of the compass, a large flock of them collecting about the boat. When the weather is thick and foggy the fishermen help to attract the hungry sea fowl by imitating their cries

The two men in the [illegible] and the [illegible] are each provided with a line twenty five or thirty feet in length, and a small hook. The bait of codfish liver is large enough to float the hook, being oily As soon as a flock of birds has gathered the hooks are baited and thrown out upon the water. The birds display such great voracity that the fishermen are kept busy hauling them struggling aboard the dory This performance may continue until one hundred or two hundred birds are taken But after a while the flock gets so shy that the sport becomes unprofitable

The speech of the New England fishermen is full of phrases of the sea. Servant girls are said to "ship" for six months" when they engage. A young man "ships" himself to a sweetheart when they are affianced, and a church is said to have "shipped" a new parson, who is apt to be called the "skipper" of the church. The master of the house is invariably the "skipper." If a man is prosperous he is said to be "making headway"; if the reverse, he is "going to leeward." If one feels chilly he says that he is "crimmy." If he loses his way in the dark he is "pixilated" The ceiling of a room is "planchment" A careless piece of work is a "frouch." A dish improperly cooked is a "cautch" When anybody acts with gross impropriety it is said of him that he ought to be "squealed up," which means that it would be well to throw stones at him. The fishermen of Grand Manan have a *patois* of their own. When one of them speaks of his "brush," you do not at first suspect that he refers to his hair. His boots are "stompers," while his knife is a "throater." He applies "she" to everything, from his wife to a cartwheel or a clock On Nantucket Island, again, when a woman says that her "hold is clean swep'," she means that she is hungry

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1900

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company

Army Injustice and Favoritism

AN INJUSTICE is being wrought some enlisted men of the Army. It is due largely to the establishment of the system of what are popularly known as home battalions. Portions of regiments on duty abroad are kept at stations within the United States, and to these home battalions are sent the proportion of the disabled soldiers of a regiment and the soldiers who have but a short time to serve. The unfairness of the principle, which is economical enough from a governmental point of view, comes from the effect of the policy on the old soldiers—those who are about to retire, after long periods of active duty of the varied sort which has included, in some cases, service in the Civil War, on the plains against the Indians, in the tropics, and finally in China. The variety of the arduous and hazardous duty which some of the more faithful have performed entitles them to reward, and just at the time when they have the right to expect a substantial recognition of their loyalty they are met with a punishment which might well be meted out, as it usually is, to the soldier who has been faithless and who has habitually misbehaved. The non-commissioned officers, some of them of service of more than a quarter of a century, are transferred to the home battalions because they are approaching the end of their terms of enlistment, and there they suffer degradation to the position of privates. They find it impossible to attain their former non-commissioned places again, previous to their retirement from service, and they go on the retired list with the reduced pay of a private instead of the pay of a non-commissioned officer. The War Department makes some little effort to adjust the matter by showing a preference to the old soldiers in any advancements made among members of the home battalions, but there remain among the ranks of the punished many soldiers who have nothing to show for their faithful service except the diminished pay of a retired private.

It is not plain why such a condition should exist. It is still less apparent when one compares the condition of these soldiers with the extravagant favor shown to influential army officers. For commissioned officers of high rank to be promoted to still higher grade for no other purpose than to afford the favorites a means of going on the retired list with increased pay has become quite usual. It is customary, whenever a vacancy exists in the grade of brigadier-general, to appoint successively to that place a number of colonels who will agree to ask for their own retirement at once. By this means fictitious promotions are facilitated, and the retired list is expanded beyond any legitimate reason and quite beyond the dimensions intended by its originators.

The effect of the retirement of a number of colonels as brigadier-generals makes a marked increase in the cost of maintaining the military establishment. These officers would ordinarily go upon the retired list as colonels, their promotion is not in the interest of the public service, they render no duty in their higher grade, and in some cases their elevation is a shocking example of political preference. There are instances, of course, of deserved promotion; but if the retired list of the Army was organized for anything it was to provide for officers who, previous to their retiring age, have attained their rank naturally. The abnormal advances to a high grade are an imposition on the Government. One must consider the premature retirement of officers which is a consequence of such generosity. Where one officer should be retired under operation of law, there are from two to five retired with the same rank in the distribution of this singular favor.

The comparison between the niggardly treatment of the old soldier and the lavish thrusting of high ranking army officers on the retired list will probably not escape Congress. The retired list of the Army is a fruitful topic of discussion. There are many flagrant examples of favoritism in its composition.

—JOHN EDWARD JENKS.

Some people who demand sound money are satisfied with unsound literature.

The Age for Entering College

WHAT is the best age for entering college? Is it well to do so when one is very young, as did many persons before A. D. 1840, or to "tarry in Jericho till one's beard has grown"—in other words, till one has attained to eighteen or twenty years of age, or upward, as is the practice now? The main argument for entering early is that one gains more time for his life-work. Readers of John Stuart Mill's Autobiography will remember that, according to his own opinion of his very early training, by his father, he was thereby enabled to start in life with an advantage of twenty years or more over his contemporaries; and he felt, no doubt, that, at the very lowest estimate of the march he had stolen upon time, he had at the age of twelve an equipment equal to that of the most accomplished gentleman whom Oxford or Cambridge could hope to turn out at the age of twenty-two. Is it not a great gain of time, other things being equal, to be equipped for one's life-work at eighteen?

It may be urged that, except in cases of extreme precocity, one cannot get the full benefit of college culture in extreme youth—that the boy just in his teens cannot grapple successfully with the highest and most difficult branches of study, such as psychology, political economy and the higher mathematics. But this evidently depends on his natural ability.

One may at any age

"Fall in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce".

but natural gifts widely vary, and one youth is riper mentally at fourteen years of age than another at eighteen or even twenty. Robert Hall mastered Butler's Analogy when but nine years old, and Starr King was deep in Plato at twelve or thirteen. Many of the most distinguished graduates of Harvard College in "the olden time" entered it at thirteen, fourteen and fifteen years of age. Edward Everett and Bancroft, the historian, entered that institution at thirteen. The latter at sixteen received the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Gottingen. John Quincy Adams entered the University of Leyden at thirteen, but, believing that an American education best fits one for an American career, he entered Harvard at seventeen.

It may be said that the youth who matriculates at thirteen is likely to be more imperfectly prepared for college studies than he who enters at a riper age. Why so? Cannot a boy begin to "fit for college" at nine—as did the writer of this, who spent four years in preparation at the academy, and entered college at thirteen? How many of the youths who now enter college at eighteen or twenty spend as long a time as this in preparing themselves to reap the greatest advantage from their future training?

On the whole, we think that, in the case of a youth of average mental powers, the reasons for and against entering college before he is eighteen, twenty or more years old are nearly balanced. But for a young man of high intellectual endowments, we believe an entrance at the age of fourteen, fifteen or sixteen, or even as early as thirteen, to be preferable, on account of the great gain in time for the business and enjoyment of life. College graduates who begin a business career as merchants or bankers at an age when other young men, by a long apprenticeship, have already acquired the technical education necessary for success, start at a great disadvantage.

—WILLIAM MATHEWS.

There are plenty of big fish in the sea, but they are not to be caught by sitting in the shade and dangling a hook baited with an angleworm.

The Rich Man Outside

AT A DINNER of the richest business organization in this country, and probably the richest in the world, Bishop Lawrence delivered a speech in reply to the toast, The Relation of the National Prosperity of a People to Their Morality, that seemed almost like a postprandial sermon, so crowded was it with fact and deduction and suggestion. He recognized, as every sensible man has recognized, that the massing of great wealth is an established fact in our modern civilization. He called it a wise, a necessary, and on the whole a beneficent condition, but like all new conditions, dangerous until rightly understood. And in this connection he spoke this pregnant sentence—a sentence that ought to live and which carries with it a tremendous meaning: "I am not so afraid of the rich man in politics as I am of the poor and weak men in politics and the rich man outside."

It is admitted that much of the corruption in politics has come from the rich man outside, or from the rich corporations which the rich man controls. In every State, almost in every centre of population, franchises which of right belong to the people have been secured, through bribery, without adequate compensation. The remark of a cynical capitalist that it is easier and cheaper to buy a legislature or a city council after it is elected than to pay campaign expenses has become a political adage. It is not always true, of course, and the [illegible] of that sort have not [illegible] but the greed of a certain class of capital in the last quarter of a century has been to this way through [illegible] which it wanted more than [illegible] It is the [illegible] outside always pretends, and always will pretend, that although it was not exactly right, yet it had to be done that way or not at all.

The mischief does not stop there. The quickest way to ruin a man is to bribe him. When he sells his manhood he not only sells all he possesses but becomes a contamination to those around him. The evil goes farther. Letting down the bars of essential morality lets in all the immoralities.

We have seen in the past few years two of our smaller States absolutely dominated and almost ruined by money. In them the civic virtues battled in vain. The dealers of the millions won and their victory will be an incubus for generations to come. And yet the rich men outside who do this sort of thing seem to lose none of their standing in what is known as the smart society of the day. Success, no matter by what means reached, wipes away all their sins. But the poor weak men whom they ruin are kicked out and condemned as if all the wickedness was theirs.

There need be no quarrel with wealth, however great, that is managed justly and decently. The great majority of our rich men are citizens with a high sense of honor and with an honest desire to advance the public good. By precept and example they accomplish great benefit not only in public work but in the encouragement of the rising generation. It is the conscienceless minority who do the harm, and who ought not only to be driven out of politics but ignored by all reputable men and women.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

Making money is good; making a home is better; making both together is best.

The Medicine of Smell

WE WERE born with a sense which neglect threatens to destroy. We pride ourselves on clear sight and hearing, on the integrity of our nerves of touch, on our sense of taste even; yet we appear to think that smell is not "worth while." We hear music and see pictures and eat French dinners, yet we bring flowers into our shops and offices but bashfully, and frown on perfumes as tokens of weakness, though of what manner it would be hard to say. This neglect and repression is something we shall be ashamed of hereafter. There is no more reason for it than there would be for bandaging our eyes or stopping our ears; for it cannot be doubted that smell has helped the race in its evolution out of the brute state, not merely by informing us as to what is wholesome in food, for the brutes are still our betters in shrewdness of nose, but by helping in the creation of an aesthetic sense. We are men in part by reason of the understanding of beauty. Deprive us of that and we are brutes once more. There is as much beauty in odors as there is in sounds and colors, and the enjoyment of fragrance is more immediate and requires less experience than do the pleasures offered by the arts. It takes repeated hearings to comprehend the meaning of the Fifth Symphony or the Gotterdammerung, and many seemings to like the Virgins and saints of the old masters and the peasants of Millet, but every nose, simple and cultivated alike, enjoys the fragrance of lilies and honeysuckle; or, if it does not, the owner of that nose deserves pity.

Apart from the practical service of this sense, which enables us to detect impurities in air and water, and wrong mixtures or imperfect cooking in our food, and which also affords to us a pure and grateful pleasure, there is a medicine in smell that is largely due to its remarkable power of association. In some minds music has this power, and a familiar strain will bring up memories, sad or happy, that will be the more tender for a winning melody or a noble harmony, but almost every one bears witness to the curiously intimate relation of incidents and odors, or places and odors. The mature man walking through the streets of a strange city has a momentary sniff of some old fashioned flower, or of old fashioned cooking, and straightway there comes before his mind a picture of his boyhood home, with its quaint flower garden, its well sweep, its surrounding of rich fields and purple hills, and the vision has comfort in it, the cares drop out of his mind in the impress of a memory of days that had no care.

And agreeable odors that have no such association have a tranquilizing effect that can be compared only to that of soft music. Odors of the other kind are exasperating, but they instruct us in what to avoid. The spicy fragrance of October, when leaves are showering into the roads, and the softer odors of spring, when the warm mists that settle on the earth are charged with the breath of opening flowers, have their palliatives for troubled minds. In the one there is remembrance; in the other, promise. An old physician commends the afflicted to the frequent smelling of blossoms, declaring that there is health in their fragrance. Whether there is sanitary value in the odor itself, Science has never told us, but there is no doubt that in its association and in its pacifying tendency sweet odor is wholesome, and that the spirits may be affected by the medicine of smell as certainly as our bodies are by the medicines of the apothecary.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The Greatest Committees of Congress

Congress has taken a recess over Christmastide, but for the majority members of at least two of the committees there will not be much rest from work during the holidays

First in importance is the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives. It receives, arranges and digests the various measures for the raising of the revenue for the Government. Its work determines the industrial policy and welfare of the country. Though its conclusions are never final, yet in the main they are adopted

At present the committee is made up as follows: Representatives Sereno E. Payne of New York, chairman; Dalzell of Pennsylvania, Hopkins of Illinois, Grosvenor of Ohio, Russell of Connecticut, Babcock of Wisconsin, Steele of Indiana, Tawney of Minnesota, McCall of Massachusetts, and Long of Kansas, Republicans, and Representatives James D. Richardson of Tennessee, Robertson of Louisiana, Swanson of Virginia, McClellan of New York, Newlands of Nevada, and Cooper of Texas, Democrats

The House Committee directs the original legislation and then, after it is acted upon by the House, it goes to the Senate Committee on Finance, of which Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, is chairman. In the end this committee thoroughly revises and often radically changes the work of the House Committee and of the House itself, but the original power is in the Ways and Means Committee

An Expansion that Means Millions

We heard a great deal about expansion during the Presidential contest, and there are a few lingering echoes of the campaign thunder. But however people may discuss it, the fact of expansion is written not only in the geography, but especially in the finances of the Government.

In 1898, before the Maine was sunk or the troubles with Spain broke out, this Government was getting along with an income of a little less than $340,000,000 a year. Within twelve months there was an increase of $164,000,000, and still there was a deficiency of over $100,000,000. During the fiscal year just closing the ordinary revenues of the Government jumped to $567,240,852. Then there was some $130,000,000 spent on account of the war in the Philippines. Altogether the totals for the fiscal year exceeded $700,000,000. For the two years of its existence the present Congress will spend almost one and a half billion dollars

Where All the Money Comes From

There has been so much tariff discussion during the past quarter of a century that the impression exists that nearly all the revenue necessary for the running of the Government is collected on foreign goods at the different ports of entry. As a matter of fact, only about one third of the Government's revenues comes from this source, the amount for the fiscal year of 1900 being $223,368,585. The Government gets more money directly from its own citizens than from any other source, the receipts from internal taxation from the fiscal year of 1900 being $295,316,107. It is interesting to know where this vast sum came from, and the following table contains the information: From spirits, $109,808,817; from tobacco, $59,355,084; from fermented liquors, $73,550,754; from oleomargarine, $2,543,285; from special taxes on theatres, etc., $1,515,640; from legacies, $2,883,491; from stamp taxes, etc., $40,964,365. There were also other small items

For many years the tariff on imports did yield more than internal taxation, but not during the past three years

We have had in this country four tariff eras, and the question has been the main one in our politics, with a few exceptional years, when the money problem took precedence. A curious thing about a war is that it frequently changes the whole taxation policy of a government. We have had this illustrated in our own experience. For instance, the high protection policies which were necessary to raise revenue for the conduct of the Civil War formed and directed the permanent industrial policy of the country, so that even now, when there is a call for reduction, there is no thought of touching the tariff, but of confining the work to internal revenues

How and Where it is Spent

The greatest nation of the world has a multitude of interests to protect and support. The items on its expense account run into the tens of thousands. The army, which before the war with Spain was costing less than $50,000,000 a year, reached a total of $228,000,000, which, of course, was during the war with Spain, and this year's appropriation may exceed the $100,000,000 mark. The navy, which before the war with Spain and since the Civil War never cost over $35,000,000 a year, reached in the fiscal year of 1899, $64,814,440, and the estimates for the present year are about $87,000,000. The pension list is again soaring beyond the $140,000,000 mark. The interest on the public debt is about $40,000,000 a year. The civil and miscellaneous items make a total of about $120,000,000. About the only decrease in the whole list is in the appropriation for the maintenance of the Indians, the original owners of the country, who are costing us several hundred thousand dollars less than they did a few years ago

Raising Cash for a Short War

When we went to war with Spain, Congress voted $50,000,000 as a war fund. Then the committees which have been named as the greatest in Congress went to work to raise the revenue

The resultant revenue act was approved on June 13, 1898, and from the moment it was signed the special tax of two dollars a barrel on beer went into operation, and added $7,000,000 a year. Then on July 1 the special taxes took effect. On tobacco, cigars, cigarettes and snuff the taxes were increased. That on cigars was as much as $3 60 per thousand

Then came the stamp tax, reaching almost everything, from a telephone message to a mortgage, from chewing gum to patent medicines. Then followed the excise taxes on the refining of petroleum and sugar, and the tax on parlor and sleeping-car tickets. All these went into effect on July 1

The legacy taxes, which yielded from seventy-five cents to $15 a hundred on legacies of over $10,000, and the taxes on mixed flour and the special tax of ten cents a pound on imported tea, all began when the new bill became a law

By all these means, the internal revenue, which yielded $169,943,040 before the Spanish War began, reached, in two years—that is, for the fiscal year ending July 30, 1900—the unprecedented total of $295,316,107, being more than $10,000,000 in excess of the estimated amount, and nearly $22,000,000 more than in the previous year

Why Stamp Taxes are Unpopular

Colbert, the French financier, who was the first to apply tariffs, said, over two hundred years ago: "Taxation is the art of so plucking the goose as to secure the largest amount of feathers with the least amount of squealing

This is one of the merits of a tariff on imports. The goose is plucked without its knowing it

But stamp taxes are different. Every feather pulled out has its own pain. When a man sends a telegram and has to pay the stamp tax he feels that little penny more than he does the entire cost of the message. When he draws a check and has to hunt around for a revenue stamp he says bad things about the whole bothersome system

Moreover, there is ingrained in every American a historical objection to stamp taxes. It was largely on account of them that his forefathers fought the Revolutionary War, and he has inherited the prejudice. Further still, anything that is an inconvenience is bound to be unpopular, and stamp taxes are about the greatest nuisances that Congress could inflict upon the country

Reductions that May be Made

Thus it happens that in reducing taxation the first demand is for the abolition of the stamp taxes which inflict the most trouble upon the people. First to go will be the taxes on telegrams and express receipts, which now yield about $2,000,000 a year to the Government. Then may follow the legacy taxes on bequests to religious, educational and charitable institutions, which yield about half a million a year, and then taxes on mortgages, promissory notes, bank drafts, insurance policies, and so on, which yield something in the neighborhood of $30,000,000 a year. The stamp taxes on proprietary medicines, which yield about $5,000,000 a year, are being bitterly fought, and there are other items among the several hundred on the war revenue list which may be modified, the reduction to be made being estimated at all the way from $15,000,000 to $30,000,000. Of course the final amount will not be absolutely determined until the House and Senate get through with the work

One thing, however, seems certain. That is, that there will be no reduction of taxes on liquors, which, with tobacco, yield about three fifths of all the internal revenue, and which together showed an increase last year of over $17,000,000. It was Emerson, was it not, who believed in placing taxes on rum and tobacco almost to the point of prohibition, and who in his plea quoted Bonaparte as calling vices his greatest patriots, because he got five millions from the love of liquors and would like to know which of the virtues would yield as much. There may be slight reductions on tobacco

It is generally stated that the tax on parlor and sleeping car tickets will remain, and nobody will complain about this, because the companies have to pay it, and the traveling public is rather glad that the Government is succeeding in getting some return from these monopolies, even though it be ever so little

The credit of this Government is now the highest of that of any nation in the world, the highest, in fact, of any nation in the history of the world. Its bonds that bear only two per cent. interest are being sold at more than five per cent. above par. The wealth of the country has increased so vastly that those who hold large parts of it are willing to accept the smallest return if they are certain their principal is safely invested, and a United States Government bond is about the surest thing there is in this world of change

The Difficulties of Congressional Economy

But after all is said and done about reducing the revenues, it is not safe to hope that either the present Congress which ends on the fourth of March, or the new Congress which begins on that day, will do much in the way of economy

For years the Government has been rushing rapidly into greater expenditures. Within two decades it has doubled its expenses. There are before Congress to-day nearly twenty thousand bills and the most of them call for money

There are great projects like the Ship Subsidy proposition and that of the Nicaragua Canal, which, if adopted, will together take over $100,000,000 from the public treasury. Practically all the estimates of the different departments of Government this year call for larger appropriations

These interests are incessant, and they bring to bear upon the Congressional committees and upon the Congressmen themselves every possible influence. The forces of argument and persuasion are for spending more money and widening and deepening the public crib, and of letting in more patriots to enjoy its contents

Some day we may have Representatives who will go to Washington to do all they can for the general Government instead of getting all they can for their own districts; but the last reports of the Weather Bureau contained no news of the approach of the millennium

A hundred years ago the estimates for a year for the whole Government of the United States were less than $14,000,000. To-day the population is a little over fourteen times what it was a hundred years ago, but the cost of running the Government is more than fifty times the total of 1800. If this should go on for another hundred years, what will it be in 2000?

The Call for the Half-Cent

The profits of all business are now largely in small fractions. It is the volume multiplying these fractions which produces the great return. So genuine and general is this tendency that a demand has arisen for the coinage of the half cent. The conduct of business on the finest lines is even splitting the penny

One of the leading banking authorities puts it this way: "To add the half-cent to our coins would increase the profits of small dealers and the possible economies to that class of people who are obliged to make small purchases. To save a cent each day amounts to $3 65 a year."

On the one side we have the half-cents and fractions of cents making the millions, and on the other side we have the millions calling for the half cents. Surely this is a great generation, and money is its profit

Johnson, of the Ninth. *By* William Ellis

FREDERICK WILSON, private secretary to Governor Henry Warfield, was at his desk rather earlier than usual one morning, when the door was opened, and what would have been to almost any other man a vision of loveliness in a well cut tailor made gown burst upon the scene. But Wilson was young, and there was but one vision of loveliness for him. That one was miles away, and he was, at the moment, reading a letter from her.

For a moment his caller stood in the door as if half expecting to be ordered out. A charming woman often has the trick of assuming the impossible, and this woman was a distinguished member of the third house, and the Legislature was in session. She had plenty of money, and went into politics for the enjoyment of it, so she said. Her efforts, for the most part, had been devoted to lobbying earnestly for several utterly impossible bills which were ostensibly intended to ameliorate the condition of womankind in varying degrees of misfortune.

She approached Wilson with a general bearing which was well nigh irresistible, but Wilson was fortified with the photograph of a very plain and ordinary face and an accumulation of letters in a very cramped and schoolgirlish hand, which meant to him everything in the way of womanhood which Miss Ellsworth did not—and that was very much.

"Good morning, Mr. Wilson," said Miss Ellsworth, and her voice bore out the general impression of her manner. "I hope I do not come too early?"

"Not at all, Miss Ellsworth," replied Wilson pleasantly, as he laid his letter aside, inwardly hoping she would depart early. "Mr. Wilson, can you tell me anything about House File 226 A? That's my bill, you know, to make these large storekeepers furnish seats for the women they employ. I got it through the committee, and it passed the House, and now it's lost somewhere between the House and the Senate. It hasn't got in here by mistake, has it?"

"I haven't seen anything of it, Miss Ellsworth," replied Wilson, "but as soon as the bill clerk comes in I'll have him look it up. I think you will be more likely to find that it's mislaid in the engrossing room, won't you?"

"Oh, I've been there, and everywhere else! but it's a lot of work getting a bill through the Legislature, isn't it? How is the Governor coming on with his fight on the railroad repeal bill? I hear he's having quite a time over it."

"Oh, I think he'll come out all right on it," said Wilson in a non committal sort of tone. He knew that up to within a day or two certain defeat had stared the Governor in the face, and that even now he was by no means certain that he could hold in line the votes he had secured on the committee.

Suddenly the whole manner of Miss Ellsworth changed. She leaned forward in her chair just a little to give more force to her words, and in a quiet, strong tone, so different from the light, vivacious manner which usually characterized her that Wilson was impressed with her earnestness, she said:

"Well, he won't. You tell him when he comes in that I know he is beaten on that repeal bill, and beaten by a trick he can never discover until it is too late. I can pull him through, and I want to do it—not for him, but for myself. Please tell him I should like to see him, and that he can send for me any time to-day if he wants to. I shall be either at the hotel or within call all day."

And before Wilson could recover from his astonishment enough to wish her a good-day, the door had closed behind her, and she was gone.

For an instant Wilson was dazed. It was like Galatea come to life. He had suspected from the first that Miss Ellsworth was at the capitol in the railroad lobby; and now she had shown her hand—the last thing he could have anticipated.

The private secretary of a Governor very soon becomes calloused, and eventually petrified, if he serves out the term of his appointment. Wise people know that the secretary is the buffer which is designed to protect the Governor, and so they first make the secretary understand the full importance of their business with the executive. In this way the Governor experiences the greater share of his thrills of excitement vicariously, and the secretary soon becomes as sensitive to spiritual impulse as a phonograph. But this time Wilson was stirred. While he was debating whether he would better go at once to the Governor with the information, or wait till he came to the capitol, he heard the door of the executive chamber open and close, indicating the arrival of Governor Warfield.

Wilson immediately sought the Governor. "Governor," he began abruptly, "I have had a call this morning from Miss Ellsworth."

"Rather early for society, isn't it, Wilson?" replied Warfield smilingly.

"It was none too early for this call, I imagine," rejoined Wilson. "She says you are beaten on the repeal bill unless she pulls you through, and she wants to help."

The Governor looked out of the window a moment. "What does she know about it?" he asked as he turned to Wilson.

"I don't know; but she says she wants to talk to you."

"Wilson," and the Governor was in an earnest mood, "I shouldn't wonder if she's right. There is a nigger in the woodpile somewhere on that committee. I have been working for a week on the theory that something was wrong, but I haven't been able to find it. I'll see her, anyway. Have her over here at ten o'clock."

Promptly on the hour Miss Ellsworth made her appearance at the capitol and was ushered into the presence of the Governor.

"Good morning, Miss Ellsworth," said the Governor pleasantly, as he stepped forward to greet her. "Mr. Wilson tells me that you have something to talk over with us in connection with the railroad bill?"

"I should prefer to talk it over with you alone, Governor," she said, and as she said it she looked him squarely in the eyes. Something in her glance spoke eloquently of her sincerity, and, though there was a faint suspicion in his mind of the possibility of a trick, he turned to Wilson and dismissed him.

When the door closed behind Wilson Governor Warfield motioned his caller to a seat, and said with careful distinctness:

"Please be seated, Mrs. Vandenburg."

As he spoke the name she started, but she had such complete possession of herself that her perfect poise was disturbed only for an instant.

"I am glad you know," she said, "it saves such an awkward explanation."

"When there is as close a fight on hand as we have now," returned the Governor quietly, "it is well to know all we can."

"Yet I am sure," said Mrs. Vandenburg, "that the one thing that it is vital you should know you do not know. However, you are not here to answer questions, and I shall not ask you. At the risk of having you tell me that you knew it all the time I shall simply tell you what I came to tell you. You are counting on one vote which I am sure, at the last moment, will change."

It was the Governor's turn now to start. Here was the thing he had been afraid of; now the fear was being reduced to certainty.

"Well?" he said, as he waited for her to continue.

"I can put it in your power to stop it," she said quietly, "and I desire to do so upon only one condition. That is, that you save the man."

"You mean from criminal prosecution?" asked Warfield.

"Yes," she answered, and she knew how hopeless it was to attempt to save a wrongdoer through Henry Warfield. But to her this was all important. "The fact is," she continued, trying to conceal her feeling, "that he has been misled; that he would give the world to be out of it, and that, so far, he has not touched a cent of the money that has been paid him. He will gladly give up the money, but he lacks the moral courage to do it by himself. Isn't it better to save him while he can be saved than to make a criminal of him?"

Warfield was conscious that the woman was making the only plea that could touch him. He also realized that he was being honestly and fairly outgeneraled.

"If the bribery can be frustrated, I shall be glad to become a party to doing it," he said after a moment's pause, "but if it has been consummated I will undertake to see that it is prosecuted."

"Then I have your word that if the money has not been touched, and the man is ready to give it up, and is ready to vote against the repeal, no one shall ever know from you that he took the money?"

"Not from me," repeated the Governor, and for the first time in his political career he had assented to terms dictated by some one else.

"Then," said Mrs. Vandenburg, "I shall rely on your word and give you the information. Albert Johnson will cast his vote in the committee for and not against the repeal of the bill. If the bill is reported for repeal you cannot save it on the floor."

The Governor knew that was true. He knew the fight must be won or lost in the committee.

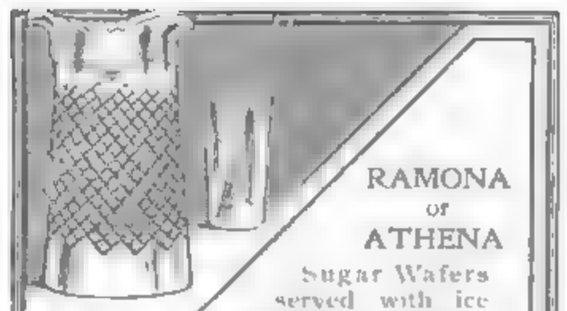
"May I suggest a plan for bringing this about?" she asked, as she watched the effect of her information upon Warfield.

"I should be very glad to have your suggestion," said the Governor, who was coming to have some respect for the political sagacity of this woman lobbyist.

"He was paid five thousand dollars," said Mrs. Vandenburg, and the calm and businesslike manner in which she spoke of the transaction made Warfield shudder slightly, "and that money is now in a safety deposit box in Chicago. There are two keys to the box, and both keys are required to open it. Here is one of them," and she walked over and handed it to the Governor, "and he has the other. With one key in your possession you ought to be able to get the other. If you have both keys, that amounts to possession of the money, and I know he will be glad to give up the other key."

The Governor was so amazed that he hardly noticed that she had turned to go, she stopped, half hesitating, but apparently determined to say something she dreaded to say.

"Governor," she began, and her tone had lost the self assurance and the cold calm which had characterized it—the lobbyist was disappearing and the woman was coming to the surface, "I want to say just one or two things more. I don't want you to judge me either too harshly or too generously. No woman ought to live in the atmosphere of this sort of thing. No one knows that better than I do. If every woman who chafes at the restraints of womanhood could know what freedom costs, she would hesitate at the door which leads out into the wider liberties. But I do not want you to give me credit for any moral revulsion which I do not feel. What I have done this morning has been done only because it is the most complete revenge I can have for the deepest wrong a man can do his wife—the only reason I want to save Johnson is because he is a weak man who has fallen into the hands of one of the most unscrupulous villains that ever



RAMONA or ATHENA

Sugar Wafers served with ice cream or lemonade make the most delightful refreshments for small parties and social gatherings. Never before has the baker made a morsel as delicate and dainty as

RAMONA AND ATHENA SUGAR WAFERS

The correct thing to serve with any dessert, and particularly nice with the afternoon tea. Ramona has chocolate cream flavoring. Athena is flavored with lemon. Sold everywhere in sealed tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

YOU CAN HAVE HOT WATER

Instantly and when you want it, on limit to quality, with an AUTO-MATIC Instantaneous Heater in your home. [illegible] at the big saving of [illegible] from time to time in water and for all purposes of Hot Water. [illegible] cools before they get to the [illegible]. The [illegible] both 2c per [illegible]

THE INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATING CO. Orleans Street, Chicago

A BATH FOR 2 CENTS

Is Furnished by the

VICTOR INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATER

With it occupies but little space, is ready for use night or day, gives you instantly [illegible] for bathing, shaving, etc. [illegible]

for it, or send for free [illegible]

W. J. ADAM, Joliet, Ill.

IDEAL STEAM COOKERS

Lead the world and are recognized everywhere as the best. If storekeepers and [illegible] experts say its many advantages over all others are unquestioned. Cooks who steal over one burner, on gasoline, oil, gas or coal stove or wood stove. Requires [illegible] per cent. Meats and puddings so tender, juicy and delicious [illegible]

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 12, Toledo, Ohio

TELEGRAPHY Best Trade—Quickest learned. Situations furnished in the Railway Service. Half railroad fare paid. School 28 years old. Catalogue free. Valentine's School of Telegraphy, Janesville, Wisconsin

VOSE
PIANOS

Are receiving more favorable comments to day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined

WE

Challenge Comparisons

By our easy payment plan every family in moderate circumstances can own a **VOSE** piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.
103 Boylston Street, BOSTON

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

THE NEW SCALE Fischer [illegible]

60 Years Established

Over 110,000 Sold

BY OUR NEW METHOD [illegible]

J. & C. FISCHER
33 Union Square-West, New York, N. Y.

Genuine Farina Cologne

Is imitated so closely in bottles and labels that even dealers are sometimes deceived. The genuine bears the words

"gegenuber dem Julichs Platz,"

the address of the great Farina distillery; "gegenuber dem Julichs Platz (opposite the Julichs Place)

Schieffelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents

ROYAL STATIONERY

[illegible]

Royal Visiting Cards—Latest style including plate. Sample dies [illegible] 50 cts by mail. Paper [illegible]
Engraved Wedding Invitations

ROYAL ENGRAVING CO. [illegible] Arch Street, Philadelphia

Great Bargains in CHURCH ORGANS

[illegible] of church organs which we must exchange at half to two-thirds [illegible]

$500 — 3 stop [illegible] used two months [illegible] for only $450 Let us hear [illegible]

LYON & HEALY, 38 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

"WORDS THAT BURN"

A Romance; progressive; has new thought. Cl., 386 pp $1.10, postpaid. D. R. Burton, Pub., Utica, N. Y.

lived—I refer now to my husband, Major Vandenburg And with that she bowed and passed out

The thing that impressed Warfield most was a feeling of gratitude that she had not cried. He had an idea that all women cried when they felt deeply. As he thought it all over he was almost sorry that she had not. It would have seemed more womanly But he had time to give only a passing thought to that The Committee on Railroads was to vote on the repeal bill the next morning, and he knew that every moment and every energy must be given to the direction of that fight

All day there was clearly something in the air in the vicinity of the executive chamber Messengers were hurried hither and thither, the telephone and telegraph were kept busy. Every man in the State who could bring any pressure to bear on the members of the committee to bring them into line or to keep them in line was brought to bear on the play. Like a vast chess game with the counties of the State for squares the opposing forces were bringing all their resources to bear on the king-square, when, all unexpected and unforeseen, a little queen's pawn had moved up and uncovered a check that had not been anticipated . The Governor decided to wait till evening for the final move

The early part of the evening was devoted to a conference of the leaders of the opposition to the repeal bill, which was held in the executive chamber. The line up of the committee indicated a report against the passage of the bill, and the leaders of the fight were in good humor over the near approach of hard won victory. There were two, however, who did not enter very heartily into the spirit of the hour. These two were the Governor himself and Mr. Albert Johnson member from the Ninth District, and chairman of the Committee on Railroads

The Governor intimated to his friends that he had some business matters to take up and the conference dispersed [illegible] As they started to go Warfield called Johnson aside and asked him to stay a moment after the others had gone. As soon as he and Johnson were alone he stepped to the door and locked it, putting the key in his pocket. This did not escape the observation of Mr. Johnson who began to feel the compression of the atmosphere which always occurs in close quarters

"Mr. Johnson," said the Governor, by way of opening, "have you any engagements this evening that would preclude your accepting an invitation to spend the night as my guest?"

Johnson understood that the sparring had begun, and he felt that the longer he could stave off the final attack the better it would be So, with as calm an exterior as he could command, he replied

"Nothing that I think of, Governor But isn't this burst of hospitality a little sudden?" This was added with what was intended for a laugh, but did not prove a conspicuous success

"Well," said the Governor in a tone that was a little hard and dry, "it may be sudden, but it is cordial" He could not feel thoroughly at ease in the presence of a man whom he knew had accepted a bribe. "I suppose you are quite pleased," he continued, "to find that we have the four votes we need on your committee? It takes some worry off your mind?" The Governor began to realize how a sleek, well fed cat feels while she plays with a helpless mouse

"Yes," replied Johnson, who was feeling just as the mouse does, "it didn't look, for a while, as if we could win out"

"Well," said Warfield, and there was a change in his tone now that even Johnson could not mistake, "we not only can win out, Mr Johnson but we shall win out."

"Yes," said Johnson, just a shade more faintly as the Governor grew stronger in tone, "it looks now as if we are all right"

There is no question in your mind, is there, Johnson, about our having the four votes we need?"

"Not if you are sure of the vote you secured yesterday."

Oh, that vote is all right," replied the Governor. "But you and I know something that none of the others know, Johnson As you and I sit here at this moment we both know that with the vote I secured yesterday we have only three votes. You and I will

"Please be seated Mrs. Vandenburg

Costs less than two cents a week—

The New

Sunday School Times

The great improvement in The Sunday School Times is accompanied by a reduction in price The new paper has been called "A revelation in Christian literature We are trying to make it the greatest source of inspiration and helpfulness ever published. The price is lowered to put it within the reach of every Christian of every denomination. $1.00 a year is the new price. Interesting offer to clubs. Send for prospectus and free sample copy

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES CO
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

B. T. Babbitt's 1776 Soap Powder

takes the dirt and leaves the clothes

WE CAN PROTECT YOU CHEAPLY!

At the average age of 35 years we secure to your family should you die within ten years, $1000, at an annual charge of $14 80, reduced by dividends. Premiums may be paid quarterly Full information sent free

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Ry.

CINCINNATI TO MICHIGAN AND CANADA

6 HOURS TO TOLEDO, 8 HOURS TO DETROIT
4 FAST TRAINS DAILY

KNOX'S GELATINE

I CHALLENGE competition on these statements: KNOX'S GELATINE is the pure calves' stock gelatine. It is transparent. It is [illegible] are with a spoon like sugar.

I will mail you FREE

My book of 52 tested Dainty Desserts for Dainty Dishes. If you will send the name of your grocer. If you [illegible]

For 5c in stamps to cover postage and packing, the book will be sent.

Put 15c. the book and for 2 quart pkgs. (two pints) Pink color for fancy desserts in every package.

Beware of Imitations [illegible]

CHAS. B. KNOX, 53 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

HOPPER'S CAN OPENER

Does perfect work
Easy to operate
No jagged edges
Turns edge of can down
Price, postpaid, 25 cents
Money refunded if not satisfactory

H. S. Hopper Mfg. Manufacturer Germantown, Pa.

A KNIFE THAT WILL CUT AND HOLD AN EDGE

[illegible] fortible transparent composition more beautiful than pearl. Beneath handles are placed name, address, photos, society emblems, etc.

[illegible] No. 118, 2 blades, $1.20 Agents
[illegible] No. 120, 3 blades, 1.60 Wanted
[illegible] No. 122, 4 blades, 1.85 Everywhere

Send 2 ct. stamp for circular and terms.

Novelty Cutlery Co., 17 Bar Street Canton O.

"Do Not Stammer"

[illegible] have personal knowledge of cures of stammering by the Bogue Unit Method. [illegible] afflicted with an impediment in his speech to place himself under your care."

Rabbi Leo Knefler, D. D. [illegible] Pittsburgh

Pamphlet also by Rev. J. J. Ryan, St. Church

J. RYAN and Dr. Lewis A. Bogue, New York, world-renowned

EDWIN S. JOHNSON
Founder and Proprietor
1913 Spring Garden Street
Phila. U. S. A. [illegible]

"Mizpah" Valve Nipples

WILL NOT SQUEAK

And therefore prevent much colic. [illegible] valve prevents [illegible] to trouble you.

Sample Free by Mail

WALTER F. WARE, [illegible] Philadelphia, Pa.

POULTRY PAPER, Illustrated, 32 pages, 25 cents per year, 4 months trial 10 cents. *Sample Free.* Catalogue of poultry books free. POULTRY ADVOCATE, Syracuse, N. Y.

Come Here! When in need of mental or physical rest [illegible] body. Your physician will agree. *Booklet* [illegible]

STEUBEN SANITARIUM Hornellsville, N. Y.

have to make it our business to-night to get the fourth vote. Do you think we can get it?"

"Why, you can count on me for anything I can do," said Johnson with an admirable assumption of innocence. "But I don't understand what you mean. I thought you said we had four votes.

Do you think we have?"

"We have had three all the time, haven't we? And you say you got another one in line yesterday. That makes four, doesn't it?

"Your mathematics are all right, Johnson," said the Governor with a smile that was lacking in warmth, "but I am afraid your facts are wrong. Johnson"—the Governor turned suddenly upon his visitor and spoke with force and some vigor, a trick he had learned in cross-examination—"give me the key to that safety deposit box."

Johnson started, just on the instant, as if a surgeon operating upon him had let a knife slip and hurt him where he had not expected to be hurt.

Key to what safety deposit box?" he asked with all the self-possession he could command.

Box number three hundred and thirty-two in the Kenmore vaults," said the Governor quietly and firmly.

"See here, Warfield," said Johnson with a sudden show of fight in his manner, "what sort of a bluff are you trying to work on me? You call me in here with you alone, you lock the door and take the key out of it and put it in your pocket, and then you begin to talk mysteriously about votes and safety deposit boxes, and of course there's only one inference to be drawn from it all. Now, that sort of thing won't go with me; not one bit. If you have any charges to make against me this isn't the way to go about it. You open that door and let me go. I don't propose to submit to any such high-handed proceedings as this. It has passed the point of fun."

"So you object to having the door locked? You consider it a restriction of your freedom? Why, Johnson, that door is locked for your protection. Outside the door is a man who has a warrant in his pocket charging John Doe with the crime of bribery, and he has instructions to serve it on the first man who crosses that threshold before me. Here is the key to the door, go out if you want to."

And as Warfield reached out his hand in which was the key to the door, Johnson, of the Ninth, the chairman of the Committee on Railroads, a leader in the House, sank, pale and trembling and exhausted, into a chair, while great drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead. So this, then, was the end of it all.

For a few moments—it seemed like years—Warfield stood, silent and fixed. Then he spoke. It was almost as a father, speaking to an erring boy.

"Johnson," he said, and his voice was mellowed with feeling, "sit up, man, and let us talk it all over. I know that money was paid over to you in Chicago; I know that it was put in the safety deposit vaults. It was too great a chance to take, but you took it, and you lost. Now I will tell you what to do. You have made a great mistake, but no one has suffered from it but you. No wrong has been done except to your own self-respect. It is not too late now to correct the wrong. In the first place, don't you think you'd better give me that key?" The Governor's request for the key now was as kind and tender as it had before been harsh and defiant, and Johnson reached into an inner pocket, took it out and handed it to the Governor without so much as looking up. Warfield put it into his pocket with its mate, relieved that he had not been forced to expose the fact that he had the other.

"Now," the Governor resumed, "you have, so far as you can up to this time, purged yourself of the bribery. So far as you are concerned you are through with the money. Now, under no financial or political obligation to any one, and as a free man, go into your committee to-morrow and vote as your conscience dictates. You know as well as I what effort will be made to-night to find you and keep you in line. If you want to go, you may go now with perfect [illegible]. You will not be molested in any way [illegible] if you desire to accept my hospitality for the night I shall be glad to have [illegible].

For a moment after the Governor ceased speaking Johnson sat in the attitude of dejection and despair into which he had fallen when the fact that he had been discovered had first overwhelmed him. When he did rouse up it was with a face that had been blanched in the agony of those few moments, and the voice with which he replied to Warfield was emptied of all the spirit of a man. He was a pitiable thing as he sat there.

"Warfield," he said, "there is only one feeling in my heart at this moment. I am glad you have saved me. I shall never be able to look the world in the face again, and it doesn't seem now as if I could ever get far enough away from it all to live again. But you have done for me what I have been trying to do for weeks. I got into it, and I am a thief, and worse than a ——" And here he broke down completely, and sobbed as only a strong man, broken, can sob.

Warfield made no attempt to stay the burst of sorrow which had overcome him. When he spoke, it was still gently and kindly.

"Johnson," he said after a pause, "no one knows anything of this but you and me and those who are in it with you. Vandenburg won't be apt to say anything; he has some troubles of his own to look after. I say to you, live out of and above this thing, and be the man you can. And so long as you want to you can not only have my help, but you can have my full confidence. I don't think a man will put his hand into the same fire twice. And above all things, understand that I am not attempting to coerce your vote to-morrow; but you are now freed from the necessity of voting for a price."

"Warfield," said Johnson with deep earnestness, "now that I have that load off my mind I want to be perfectly square with you. That key won't unlock the safety deposit box. It takes two."

"Where is the other one?" asked the Governor quietly.

"I can't tell you," replied Johnson. And he turned his head to avoid the searching glance Warfield gave him.

"Why not?" asked Warfield with quiet persistence.

"A woman has it. A woman who is too good to be mixed up in this kind of business."

"Do you mean Mrs. Vandenburg?" asked the Governor in a low, strong tone.

"How did you know?" cried Johnson, now thoroughly aroused.

"Well, she hasn't got the key," said Warfield; "here it is."

Johnson was overwhelmed as he saw the two keys in Warfield's hand.

"Warfield," he cried, "no harm is coming to her. She is my sister, Warfield—do anything you like with me—but save her—she's had nothing to do with it——"

"No," interrupted the Governor, "this is a case in which we have prevented crime, and you owe it to her that you are not to-night a felon instead of a penitent. Vandenburg is the only one we are after, and I guess the railroads and his wife can take care of him without the aid of the law. Now let's go home and get some rest."

And together they passed out of the executive chamber, the Governor considerately walking out ahead of his guest.

When the report of the Committee on Railroads on House File No. 6 was read at the opening of the session the next afternoon, the enthusiastic applause, which was promptly suppressed by the sergeant at arms, was started in the gallery by a woman whose face beamed with pride in her brother.

When the report had been adopted and the motion to reconsider had been defeated, she went at once to the Major, who was in his rooms at the hotel, surrounded by uncorked bottles of various essential oils popularly supposed to be efficacious in quieting the troubled waves of the political sea. He was gnashing his teeth in rage at the perfidy of Johnson, who had been let in on a good thing wholly through the goodness of the Major himself.

"Well," she said as she entered, "I kept Albert's vote in line for you on the committee, as you may have noticed."

Before Vandenburg could reply the long-distance telephone rang, and the general counsel for the Boundary and Gulf Air Line made some inquiries, in a rather crisp tone, as to what had become of this man Johnson, in whom they supposed they had made a considerable investment.

"He switched on me," was all the explanation Vandenburg could give.

"Well, your salary stopped at 10:15 this morning," rejoined the general counsel as he hung up the telephone. That was the hour at which the vote of Johnson in the committee had killed the bill.

About a week later Warfield went to Chicago on a little matter of private business, and the next day the Asylum for Foundlings and Indigent Orphans was thrown into a corporate spasm by the receipt of a package containing five thousand dollars in bills. To this day the directors do not know where it came from.

WHEATLET

makes brawn and muscle FOR CHILD OR ADULT

NO tonics or aids to digestion are needed when

Wheatlet

Is a part of the regular daily diet

Delicate and rich in flavor—a perfect food for men, women and children.

For Sale By Grocers Everywhere

MADE AT NIAGARA FALLS BY

THE FRANKLIN MILLS CO.
Lockport, N. Y.

There's no reflection so dainty, no light so charming as the mellow glow that comes from

CORDOVA Wax Candles

Prepared in many color tints to [illegible] dining room, bed room or hall. Sold everywhere. Made by

STANDARD OIL CO.

PROMOTES HEALTH

Jaeger PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

[illegible]

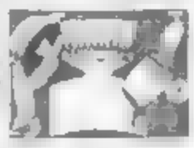
New York	16 West 23d St
Brooklyn	[illegible]
Boston	160 [illegible]
Philadelphia	54 Chestnut St
Chicago	74 State St

Our Incubators

Have all the latest improvements, sold at very low prices and guaranteed to please. [illegible] Send 4 cents for [illegible] Catalogue and [illegible] How to raise poultry successfully. Plans for poultry [illegible]

Des Moines Incubator Co., Box 548, Des Moines, Ia.

100,000 Given Away. [illegible] Address Send to [illegible]



JOHN L. G. DYER CO., Dept. V-D6-5th Av., Chicago

I PRINT My Own Cards Circulars Books Newspaper

Card Press $5

[illegible] Larger, $15. [illegible] Type, [illegible] Write for [illegible] paper, etc.

THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Conn.

HENS LAY double the eggs when fed on Green Cut Bone. [illegible]

F. W. MANN CO., Box 81, Milford, Mass.

FOR THE TEETH
RUBIFOAM
IN THE Hall of Fame should be inscribed the name of Rubifoam, America's foremost [illegible] universal favorite.
Price 25 cents
At Druggists'
PREPARED BY
J. W. HOYT & COMPANY
LOWELL, MASS.

FOR THE FACE ALONE
It deals with the lines of time that creep in about the eyes and mouth, the sallow skin, that shows dust caps poor circulation and clogged pores. It rounds out the hollow places by building up the tissues and gives perfect circulation of the blood.
Bailey's Rubber
Facial Brush
[illegible] flat-ended [illegible] saw teeth [illegible] shape [illegible]
Bailey's Rubber Facial Brush, 50c
Bailey's Complexion Soap, 10c
[illegible]
C. J. BAILEY & CO.
22 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

It will be a Merry Christmas all the year round to the man who gets a pair of
President Suspenders
On Christmas morning
[illegible] where, [illegible]ents, or by [illegible]
is on the [illegible], it's genuine.
Trimmings will not rust.
C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO
Box 231 Shirley, Mass.

Knothe Unbreakable Leather
KNOTHE BAKER
Stands every strain, will not stretch, cannot be torn, and used only on
Silkolisle Suspenders
The neatest-looking, the longest lived, the most economical and satisfactory suspenders ever made. Will outwear [illegible] shoes. Every pair guaranteed and will be replaced should any leather part break. Price 50 cents of first class dealers, or
Knothe Bros., 122-124 5th Ave., New York

View of Pipe Open and Closed The Only Open Pipe on Earth
Agents wanted quick. Send 50 cents for sample and become our agent.
It opens in the center. Every part can be cleansed. Beautifully finished Briar wood.
BUFFALO BRIAR PIPE CO., 452 Washington St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Are You Deaf?
We have 25 kinds of Instruments to Assist Hearing. Sent on approval. Write for catalogue.
GEO. P. WILLIAMS & CO., 1346 South 11th Street, Philadelphia

Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON

ROBERT and I have just returned from New York, whither we went to disport ourselves at the Horse Show, and I have been in a maze ever since I trod the tan bark at the Madison Square Garden. I am like Jaques, continually "moralizing this spectacle." Robert was everlastingly prodding me while we made the rounds because I did not keep my eyes upon the ring and because I did not know one kind of equine from another, but the truth is I was a good deal in the plight of Yankee Doodle who could not see the town because of all the houses. I could not see the Horse Show because of all the people, for my own sex held my eyes to the entire exclusion of every other sight, and as I stared at the modern woman with her new figure, her new lines, her new curves and angles, her new way of carrying herself and her new gait, I had to rub my eyes to know if I were awake. It seemed to me that I was either seeing my sex for the first time in my life or else that there had been a new feminine creation, and one that was not of Adam's rib either, since I had last beheld my kind *en masse*. I looked at them, spellbound, one by one, with their new outlines, and I felt that I was out of it altogether, and I wondered how they had all managed it. I asked Robert what he thought of the women, and he was very loath to take his eyes off the hackneys and Shetland ponies long enough to observe the human show around us. He said finally:

"Oh, Agatha, I did not come over here to look at people but at horses," and he looked about vaguely until I saw a dawning surprise in his face. He said slowly:

"What on earth has happened to the women, Agatha? Why, they seem to have turned the lines of beauty upside down or hind side before, and, good Heavens! they're all alike."

It was so, indeed. The human form divine is totally changed! As I studied the many interesting phases of the new figure I could not help offering up a devout prayer that fashion might not elect to change the human face. I felt that I could manage a straight front line and a curved back, but I could not engage to twist my features from the first original design of the Creator.

I was suddenly reminded of the old fashioned novel of Queechy, and the hero, Carleton, who came back to the heroine, Fleda, after nine years of absence, and, unobserved by her, was taking in her familiar features and outlines; and among other things he soliloquized upon her eyebrow thus: "Her slight eyebrow sits with its wonted calm purity of outline just where it used to sit," and I always wondered if he had thought it possible that when he should meet her again this feature might be moved around to the nape of her neck or to some other spot; but in the light of to-day it seemed to me that Carleton might not be so absurd after all, for if he had been observing his heroine in the present era he would have found that perhaps her eyebrow was still sitting where it was wont to sit, but he would surely have found that the line of the shoulders and the waist was not where it was wont to be, and he would have been hopelessly at sea to recognize his Fleda.

Alas! that we should live to be the "show and gaze o' the time," and I thought with pleasure upon Miggs and her deficiency of outline whom Dickens portrayed so feelingly.

When we got back from the Horse Show it was to find that Washington was all agog over a big show of its own, though of a different order altogether, for we have been celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Nation's Capital here at Washington and there have been great and fitting "doings."

Besides all the other diversions, there was the Centennial medal with which to regale the public. This medal bears the faces of the two Presidents who, at the opposite ends of the century, have had most to do with the celebration, Adams and McKinley; and as though wishing to show entire impartiality, and fully in the spirit of brotherly love, the artist has made no difference in his drawing of the two men and has dealt almost exactly alike with the two profiles, giving to each man the same generous Semitic nose.

It is a strange thing that nowhere in the order of celebration was there any place given to the great French engineer L'Enfant who laid out the city just as we see it to-day, and, stranger still, there is nowhere throughout the entire District of Columbia any memorial, statue or even inscription that bears his name. He lies neglected in an obscure grave out on a farm near the District line.

I could not help thinking that this man's face might have been a not inappropriate third on the Centennial medal. When I showed Robert the Centennial medal he waxed quite wrathy on the subject of poor old Adams, and when I asked him to explain his animosity it nearly led to a breach between us. He said with considerable heat:

"Adams never did a thing that entitled him to be remembered by posterity, unless it was his high-handed appointment at one clip of twenty-three circuit judges in the very last gasp of his official life, who were always called in derision the 'Duke of Braintree's midnight judges!'"

"Oh, Robert, you know that those appointments were with the consent of Congress! Did he not appoint, just before that, one of the greatest judges we ever had on our Supreme Bench, John Marshall?"

"Yes," admitted Robert reluctantly, "but that appointment was meant to be a Parthian shot at his enemies. As for the twenty-three circuit judges—well, that was a bit of indecorous, prodigal power, after which he could well retire, as he boasted he should do, to his farm, 'without noise or cries or tears.'"

"But did he not," continued I relentlessly, "offer the very first resolution in Congress, in May, 1776, that the Colonies should assume self government? And was not a resolution offered in June that the 'United States are and of right ought to be free and independent' and carried after Adams had seconded it? And was not Adams one of the five men appointed to prepare a Declaration of Independence, in support of which did he not make an eloquent speech, July 2, that carried the thing through the House, and this in the face of the majority that wanted to temporize and petition the King?"

"Oh, yes, I grant all that, but he was so jealous of Washington, and was so vain. Why even at his own inaugural he showed this feeling openly."

"Well, you must admit that every President expects naturally to be the grand object of attention during the day of his inauguration and to be the observed of all observers, and Adams was not so. He was overshadowed on that day, and it was unfortunate."

But he need not have made so many bitter allusions to it. You see, Agatha, Washington was there and every face was turned to him, and many wept as they gazed on their great deliverer who was now leaving the public service forever, and when Washington left the hall they all rushed after him, as was natural."

"Well," returned I stoutly, "any man on earth, unless he were totally devoid of sensitiveness, would have felt the slight keenly, and Adams probably for the first time in his career saw the distance which the people had established between himself and Washington. No wonder, after his long and faithful service, he should, in his bitterness, have called himself the 'unloved one.'"

"All that I contend," said Robert, "is that he should have held his tongue. He had grumbled all through his two terms of the Vice-Presidency and said in a speech: 'My country has in its wisdom contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived'; and finally, when he became President, did he not split up his own party when he treated—nay sued—for peace with France?"

"Yes," said I, "he did split up his party, but posterity has approved of that treaty of peace, and I have always thought his own comment on his action was peculiarly fitting and noble when he said, 'I desire no other inscription over my gravestone than: Here lies John Adams, who took upon himself the responsibility of the peace with France in the year 1800.'"

"Oh! well, Agatha, I won't quarrel with you over John Adams; you cannot admire the way he closed his last hours at the Capital which had been established here by him, when he spent his last night as President.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of letters by the author of The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter.

THE SOAP THAT SOOTHES, HEALS, PURIFIES THE FACE SKIN AND SOFTENS THE BEARD
Barbers' Shaving Soap
Shaving Stick. Price 25c
40c per pound. Six Cakes
HYOMEI
ANTISEPTIC
Shaving Soap
Made from the Fresh Green Leaves of the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree
UNLIKE ANY OTHER SOAP it prevents instead of causing Irritations, Chafing, Blackheads, Pimples, and other Skin Diseases which always follow the continued use of alkali and fat soaps. One shave with HYOMEI Soap will convince you that it is the only Soap to use on the skin and beard.
Sold by All Druggists. Price 25 Cents
Sample Cake 5 Cents. Send for one
THE R. T. BOOTH COMPANY
Fourth Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

EASY SHAVING
Royal Lather Brush
Makes Shaving Easy
Never Twists or Curls
Always a Brush. Never a Mop
Fits the Face
Wide Open, Spreads the Lather
Half Open, Rubs it In
Quickly Softens the Beard
Beats the Barber's Fingers
[illegible] the razor to do it all—it can't. Fine French Bristles; never tarnish. At your [illegible] 50c [illegible]
Closed. Well Lathered in Half Shaved. Half Open.
THOMPSON MANUFACTURING CO., Troy, N. Y.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER
[illegible] positive relief for PRICKLY HEAT [illegible] and SUNBURN and all skin [illegible] irritation. Delightful after shaving. [illegible] of perspiration.
GET MENNEN'S (the original)
Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c. Sample free.
GERHARD MENNEN CO., 19 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

THE SHIRT-WAIST MAN
[illegible] supporters [illegible] and [illegible]
AMERICAN RING CO.
Box 93, Waterbury, Conn.

The Heel is Covered with Velvet to Those Who Wear
Gilbert's Heel Cushions
[illegible] THEIR SHOES
Remove Jar in Walk
[illegible] Simply placed in the heel, fell down. Don't require larger shoes. ¼ in., 25c.; ½ in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. At shoe and department stores. READY. Send name, shoe, height desired and 2c stamp for pair on ten days trial.
GILBERT MFG CO., No. 18 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

FOOT COMFORT
"Capitol" Wool Soles for C[illegible]
[illegible] to sew to [illegible] Hair Insoles
[illegible] sole, 3 pairs, 25 cents
"Alaska" Socks are unequalled for house and bed slippers, and for rubber boots. 25 cts. a pair. Ask your dealer or send us stamp. Take no substitutes.
THE O. M. WILEY & SON CO., Box 41, Hartford, Conn.

just one hundred years ago, in making those twenty three midnight judges, and then, just as daylight began to creep in through his windows, slipped away stealthily from the town, without facing his successor, as common courtesy demanded, without letting any one even know that he was going thus. He did not retire, he fled from the Presidency, full of [illegible]

"Well, Robert, it is all very easy to criticise at this distance, but the man's unpopularity would never have been so great but for the undying hatred toward him of Alexander Hamilton, who pursued him to the end; and I've observed that old Font[illegible] so far out of the way when he said [illegible] has a wallet behind for his own failings and one before for the failings of others.'

And then suddenly Robert began to chuckle to himself. Instantly I wanted to know what he found so funny.

"Why," said he, "I was thinking of the only funny thing I ever heard about John Quincy Adams. One day I went up to the State Department with Senator P—— on business, and while there the Senator asked me if I had ever seen the Great Seal of the United States, and he took me in to see the steel die which is under guard night and day. The Keeper of the Seal was an aged man, Mr. Bartle, who had had sole charge of it for forty seven years. After exhibiting his treas[illegible] of course fell to 'reminiscing,' and he was [illegible] interesting and funny, too. He said that when he was a boy of ten he first made the acquaintance of John Quincy Adams under rather trying circumstance[illegible] It [illegible] the Executive Mansion were most primitive. Where the Treasury and State Departments now are there were respectively a vegetable garden and a fruit patch, and there was actually a dairy right under the portico of the mansion itself, and behind the mansion there was an unkempt cow pasture, and just beyond that, down on the ellipse around which the fashionable world now drives, there was a big, deep, straggling pond. Well, young Bartle was down near this pond and was munching an apple, and between bites he would shy stones at any stray bird that might fly that way. Suddenly his attention was attracted by a white, shiny, round object that kept bobbing around on the surface of the pond. He drew nearer to it to try to find out what it was, but it was beyond his ken, so he shied his apple-core at it expecting to see it instantly rise up and fly away. It did rise up, but it did not fly away. Alas! a pair of shoulders rose up out of the water surmounted by an indignant face that flashed hot anger at him across the stubby, open field, and what was young Bartle's horror to find that it was the President of the United States, and that the shiny, round, white object was nothing more nor less than the bald pate of John Quincy Adams, who was taking his tub in true democratic fashion out in his own back yard where all the world was welcome to be an onlooker. And the way this old man chuckled over the memory of that escapade made Senator P—— and me feel ten years younger," wound up Robert.

We both laughed at this yarn.

"Well, those must have been barbarous days," said I. "Think what it must have been way back in 1791, when Washington in his full Masonic regalia came to this wilderness to lay the corner-stone of the Capitol! The Chronicle says: 'Jenkins' Hill, on the east side of Goose Creek, was chosen as the site for the Capitol, while that part of the District called Hamburgh, near Burn's gate, was selected for the President's House, after which selections and the ceremonies pertaining thereto the whole company retired to an extensive booth, where an ox of five hundred pounds' weight was barbecued, of which the company partook, with every abundance of other recreation.' And the town was not built up appreciably nine years later. Think of Adams traveling all the way from Philadelphia overland with his Cabinet, and finding here within the limits of the new Capital an Indian settlement, and of their having to cut the alder bushes down to make a pathway from the Capitol to the White House, and with scarcely any hostelry or tavern nearer than Georgetown; and fancy poor Abigail Adams trying to settle down in the unfinished barnlike structure that the White House was in 1800. The whole of the lower floor was a dreary waste of unfinished lath and plaster, and the East Room only a fit place in which to do the family washing or store the family produce. Outside there was neither yard nor fence, and no attempt had been made to clear or beautify the land. The outlook was sombre, patches of forest here and there, with melancholy glimpses of the Potomac River from the back of the house, and only occasional cots or cabins could be seen among the bushes. The members of Congress had to drive to their sessions in a terrible, springless old wagon all the way from Georgetown, and every now and then the driver would stop and all hands would climb down to lift the wheels out of the mire! Ugh! It was horrid. I'm heartily glad, Robert, that you weren't one of the early founders of our Capital!"

"Pshaw! Agatha, you'd have enjoyed it hugely. You would have done just as Abigail Adams did. You would have held pompous levees in the upstairs rooms of the White House, lighted by tallow dips, or, better still, by pine torches held by trained negroes, as she did; levees to which all the nabobs of the Capital would come at dark and leave by nine o'clock. You would have taken out your snuff box, made of delicately tinted lava, and after inhaling a pinch yourself, you would have offered its contents to the foreign diplomats around you, after which the whole group would take a friendly sneeze in concert; you would dust off your pretty nose lightly with your kerchief, and then, likely, you would spread out your skirts in a sweeping courtesy and bid the gentlemen good-night; and then, perhaps, when you were in the seclusion of your own domain you would light a corn-cob pipe.'

"Oh, horrors, Robert! But what would you stilted, simpering men in powdered cue and small-clothes do when the women were gone?" queried I.

"Oh, His Excellency would doubtless order out a mild tipple, which would be passed around on silver trays, of which the dignity of his position would forbid him to partake, and then the gentlemen in small-clothes would, one by one, stealthily fumble with their huge time-pieces, and find out that the dissipated hour of nine had been reached, and they would speedily draw their buckled shoes together, heel to heel, and with a sweep of their cocked hats bow themselves away; after which, presto! bang! the tallow dips would be snuffed out and the Executive Mansion of the period of 1800 would be left silent and alone in its pioneer wilderness."

The picture Robert had drawn was not without charm, and suddenly a subtle, strange, new thought flashed over me which kept me silent, studying Robert with new eyes, for I thought of what Horace said. "Nothing is too high for the daring of mortals; we storm Heaven itself in our folly."

The Tomb of Confucius

THE tomb of Confucius, the founder of a religious system — or code of ethics, if you will — the followers of which comprise a full third of the population of the entire globe, lies a good three days' journey into the province of Shan-Toong, remote from outside approach but a great objective of pilgrimage [illegible]

[illegible] also the birthplace of Con[illegible]us, and there are many Confucionists there. There are Buddhists and Mohammedans as well. The Buddhists have been active in stirring up the Boxers, many of their meetings having been held in Buddhist temples. There is a big Mohammedan mosque in Tsee-Nan, the capital of Shan-Toong, and one-fifth of the people there are Mohammedans. There are Mohammedan colonies in nearly every city, their mosques being scattered throughout North China.

Striking features of Shan-Toong are its sacred mountains and other places of pilgrimage. Inside the German concession, not far from Tsing Tau, is a sacred hill, called Lao-Schan, on which are eighty Taoist temples; and farther in the interior, not far from Wei-Hsien, is the famous sacred mountain of T'ai Shan, where Shun sacrificed to Heaven, B. C. 2254. T'ai-Shan is the most sacred mountain in China, and thousands of people make pilgrimages to it every spring to pray at its many temples. It is more than five thousand feet high.

On a hill not far from T'ai Shan the mother of Confucius frequently went to pray, and there in a cave it is supposed the sage first saw the light. Not far away is the birthplace of Mencius, the other great Chinese moralist and scholar. These two places are visited by devotees and students from all parts of China, and when they are reached by railroad the pilgrim passenger traffic will be an item of considerable revenue.

It is in the city of Kiu Fu that the descendants of Confucius live; the Chinese for many generations having delighted to honor their great philosopher by giving his descendants honors after death. Kiu Fu is in the shape of a rectangle, a mile long and half a mile wide. It has a high wall about it, and there is a temple of Confucius in one of its corners.

The tomb of Confucius, which is a half mile outside the wall, is reached by an avenue of magnificent cedars. Here, in an inclosed space of ten acres, shaded by great trees and surrounded by the grave mounds of his descendants, lie the bones of the man whom these hundreds of millions of almond eyed, yellow-[illegible] revere and endeavor to imitate.

The tomb is not a gorgeous mausoleum like that of Napoleon, nor has it the grandeur of the one which the Empress Dowager hopes to build with the millions of taels she has laid away for the purpose. It is simply a mound so big that it might be called a hill. It is a mound which has been growing from year to year, the Chinese of generation after generation adding to it, spadeful by spadeful, in order that in time it may become a mountain.

The Audience of Diplomats

(Continued from Page 3)

of missions, accompanied by a single interpreter. This occurred on June 29, 1873. The Emperor was seated in his chair of state, on a raised dais, and surrounded by a railing. In front of this railing was placed a yellow table, and the diplomats were ranged in a line back of the table; they each in turn advanced to the table, bowed to the Emperor, and laid the letter of the President or King on the table. Prince Kung, head of the foreign office, knelt before the Emperor to receive his reply, which was that he hoped that the Emperors, Kings and Presidents represented by the diplomats were well, and that all their business with the foreign office would be settled satisfactorily. The hall in which they were received is called the "Hall of Purple Brightness," but it is the one set apart for the reception of embassies from the vassal states of China.

Abandoning Demands in China

No further audience with the diplomats was held until 1891, soon after the present Emperor attained his majority. This was preceded by a long discussion, in conference and correspondence, as to the ceremonial that should attend the audience. By this time the points of difference had reached narrow limits. The *kow-tow* and kneeling of the diplomats had been abandoned. The chief dispute ranged around the question whether Prince Ching, the head of the foreign office, who was to receive the letters of credence, should kneel to the Emperor before he laid the letters on the table. It was finally decided that he should not kneel till afterward. It was also decided that each Minister should have a separate audience when he delivered his letter, and it was further conceded that a joint audience should also be held with the diplomatic corps, including all the secretaries and attachés. But the audience was still held in the Hall of Tributaries. On that occasion the American Minister, Colonel Denby, delivered his letter of credence, which he had held for six years, waiting an opportunity for its presentation.

Upon the arrival of new Ministers from France and Russia, after the Japanese War, in 1895, they refused to attend an audience to deliver their letters of credence in the Hall of Tributaries, and it was finally decided that at the next New Year's reception they, jointly with the Diplomatic Corps, should be received in one of the halls of the Imperial palace proper, and this occurred in due state, under the leadership of the American Minister, Colonel Denby, as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. Thus another advance was made toward complete equality of intercourse. But not until the yellow table is removed, the railing is broken down and the Emperor rises from his throne and receives, standing, the letters of the rulers of Christendom into his own hands, will perfect equality of intercourse between sovereigns be established.

The foregoing narrative illustrates the slow, but certain, progress being made in bringing China out of its seclusion. Step by step the barriers are being broken down, through the pressure of the foreign Powers, and under the influence of the more intelligent of China's statesmen.

That's where our education affects you

What The International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa., are doing

FIRST
Teaching mechanics the theory of their work.

SECOND
Helping misplaced people to change their work.

THIRD
Enabling young people to support themselves while learning professions.

[illegible] Mechanical, Electrical, Steam, Civil and Mining Engineering; Architecture; Plumbing; Heating; Refrigeration; Pattern Drafting, Drawing and Designing; Chemistry; Telegraphy; Telephony; Stenography; Book-keeping; English Branches; Methods of Teaching. [illegible]

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Established 1891. Capital, $1,500,000
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.

The Trustees of the American School of Correspondence will award a limited number of Free Scholarships in Mechanical, Electrical, Marine, Stationary, and Locomotive Engineering, including a complete course in Mechanical Drawing. Application blank on request.

American School of Correspondence, Boston, Mass.

PENMANSHIP SELF TAUGHT. The [illegible] one rapid, common-sense [illegible] No failures. An unbroken record of [illegible] a better position. $3 Lessons postpaid 25 cents [illegible] complete lessons and [illegible] off hand flourishing, lettering and illustra[illegible] The Western Penman, $1.00. Money refunded if not [illegible] cheerfully benefited.

The Western Penman Publishing Co. Cedar Rapids Iowa

A DELIGHTFUL HOLIDAY ENTERTAINER

The Musical Wonder, the Multiphone Clarionet. Any one can provide good music for an entire entertainment with this instrument; only a few minutes' practice necessary. Postpaid 50c., with full [illegible]

NATIONAL MULTIPHONE CO., Phila., Pa.

Our Cities in the Twentieth Century

Chicago: Its Present and Its Future

(Concluded from Page 6)

block is undoubtedly the best paving now known, but it is very expensive

When a property owner has paid his special assessment for the paving of his street frontage this should settle his score for all time The maintenance of the improvement should be provided for by the city – but not by funds raised from general taxation. All moneys for the maintenance and cleaning of streets should come from funds paid to the municipality by corporations or individuals enjoying special privileges. Every special privilege extended to a corporation or person for the use of streets, conduits or sidewalk space should bring in to the city a fair compensation, and the money gained from this source should be put in a fund sacredly dedicated to expenditure on the streets of the municipality. When this is done in Chicago no city in the world will surpass her in well kept streets and cleanliness. In the lesser matters of compensation for special privileges, Chicago has already made considerable headway. One State Street merchant pays nearly $10,000 a year in rentals for space under sidewalks, for bridges across alleys and for other items of this character. The city has 1,400,000 square feet of sidewalk space in its central business district which will, in time, be made to bring in such rentals. At twenty five cents a square foot this rental would amount to $350,0

Proposed City Revenue from Conduit System

An imperative and immediate necessity of utmost importance to Chicago is the construction of a system of underground subway conduits for sewers, telegraph and telephone wires, and pipes and mains for gas and water. This would yield the city a splendid revenue. But its chief benefit would be the elimination of the necessity for constantly digging up the streets to stop leaks, repair damages and extend systems. At present this work costs private corporations hundreds of thousands of dollars every year, impedes traffic and mutilates and destroys streets. Concessionaires would no doubt gladly contribute to the expense of such a subway, to save heavy maintenance and repair costs. The lines and pipes of concessionaires already holding franchises could be placed in the new subway without rental charge until the expiration of their franchises, when the value of the conduit space required for their use would be considered in the granting of an extension of franchise. An equipment for furnishing a high pressure water service to the public, for the operation of elevators and other hydraulic machinery could be easily installed in these conduits and made to yield a good revenue

In one particular, at least, Chicago is to day ripe for municipal ownership. The first step to be taken in this direction is to secure from the Legislature authority to operate a public lighting system equipped for both gas and electricity. The immediate effect of such a measure would be the material reduction of the gas rates charged by the private corporations now in operation. Of course, the proposition to permit the municipality to own and operate a gas and electric lighting plant for public patronage immediately raises the cry that this is another step in the spoils system, an expansion of the army of office holders, and that the service furnished under such system would be imperfect and incompetently administered. To this I would answer that a step of this kind must be accompanied by a rigorous and absolute civil service administration—a real civil service, not a fad! As a matter of fact, Chicago is now in position to go into the electric lighting business by a change so slight that it would be scarcely perceptible, and would simply amount to an expansion of the municipality's present electrical system and the addition of a small force of meter readers, clerks and collectors. The only difference apparent to the private citizen would be that he would pay much less for his electric lights and would go to the City Hall instead of the office of the private corporations to settle his bills. Chicago already has the largest exclusively municipal electric lighting plant in the world. When I was first elected Mayor the annual cost of maintaining an arc light was found to be $90 now it is $58. In certain sections of the city the municipality is obliged to secure a limited number of arc lights from a private corporation, and is compelled to pay a minimum rate of $103 a year for each lamp, or $45 more than the expense of a lamp in its own system. Before the latter was put into operation, however, the price charged by the private corporation was $137 50. This indicates the value of municipal competition

Water Power and its Big Possibilities

A factor not to be overlooked in this problem is the fact that, in its sanitary canal, Chicago has a magnificent source of power capable of easy and economical adaptation to the operation of a vast lighting system. At a point twenty-nine miles from the city the great canal has a fall of twenty-nine feet and a volume of 230,000 cubic feet of water a minute. Careful estimates by a number of competent engineers go to show that this fall of water will yield 12,000 horse power at the water wheels and will generate power enough to operate some ten thousand arc lights within the corporate limits of the city. The cost of the requisite plant and system entire would not exceed $2,500,000, and would effect an annual saving in the operating expenses of the city of fully $400,000. As the power is only required for the street lights at night, the same machinery can be used to produce and transmit the necessary power for operating all the pumping stations in the city during the day. The problem of adapting to the present machinery the electrical power to be used requires only standard machinery, purchasable in the open market

Years ago Chicago parted with her gas privilege but retained ownership and control of the water system. The result is that her citizens have now a water service which is one of the most efficient and low-priced in this country. At the same time the municipality receives from the water consumers within its borders a net annual income of almost $2,000,000. This system was originally acquired at a cost of $200,000 and to day represents an expenditure of a little more than $30,000,000. It has been operated for forty eight years in a manner as sound, businesslike, economical and free from scandals as has been the management of any private corporation. The opponents of municipal ownership will find in the history of the water system of Chicago a most forceful refutation of their stock arguments. As to the quality of the service afforded, it may be incidentally mentioned that Chicago is to day spending, for her magnificent system of intercepting sewers and lateral conduits alone, more than $3,300,000. These are marvels of engineering skill and of sanitary efficiency guaranteeing the purity and healthfulness of Chicago's drinking water.

Not long ago a reputable business man entered my office and made a serious proposal that the city transfer its water system to the corporation which he claimed to represent, the consideration to be $50,000,000. This I treasure as one of the most absurd and picturesque experiences of my official service Chicago's water service is now provided for on a scale ample for half a century ahead She owns it and will never part with it! What would be the present value of a municipal gas plant had Chicago preserved this splendid property for herself forty-five years ago?

Municipal Ownership of Railways

The air is full of agitation of the question of municipal ownership of street railways in Chicago. Whatever may be said on this subject, one thing must be made clear. nothing should be done which will afford the slightest basis for the charge that Chicago has any political party or body of citizens inclined to countenance anything which might be termed the confiscation of private property. Such an impression would be absolutely baseless and slanderous. My own convictions are that this city is ripe for the first steps leading toward municipal ownership of its street railroad lines. In other words, in the granting of new franchises the city should prepare for ultimate ownership of the tracks and right of way of such lines.

For the protection of the private citizens who invested in these corporations in good faith, before the present agitation of municipal ownership arose, the franchises of these corporations should undoubtedly be extended for a limited period of years, but on terms of advantage to the municipality, instead of hardship. Such an extension should contain a clause permitting the city to come into possession of the systems on terms of mutual fairness at the expiration of the extended franchises. To secure proper maintenance of the systems the city should agree to recoup such expenditures as it should approve during a certain period immediately previous to the time of its actual acquirement of the property. In this connection I must insist upon a firm belief in the referendum. When men in positions of authority know that any large measure of this kind must be referred to the people for their approval they are relieved of many temptations to connivance and corruption. Stringent measures must be provided to protect every step in the direction of municipal ownership from politics, favoritism and "pull" of any kind or class.

The actual operation of a street railway system by a municipality would be a civic calamity unless safeguarded by a civil service administration of the most ironclad character

Notwithstanding the fact that Chicago is generally conceded to have the most elaborate and magnificent system of public parks and boulevards possessed by any city of the United States, one of its most urgent needs to day is that of small parks and breathing spots in its most overcrowded sections. Fully 800,000 people in Chicago live more than a mile from any of the large parks. The distribution of the present park and boulevard system may be described as exceedingly uneven, 1814 acres of the system being inside eleven wards, while the other twenty-four wards contain only 224 acres. The former section has 358 people to one acre of park land, while the latter has 4605 persons to each acre of park or boulevard ground. These figures are sufficient to indicate that those districts of the city containing the densest population, the working people who have the least of this world's goods, are so far from the large parks as to be shut out from their benefits.

Small Parks for the Good of the Masses

There is no project now on foot in Chicago in which I have a keener personal interest than that of establishing a system of small parks—twelve or fourteen in number—in the centres of the most congested river and tenement wards. These should be provided with shade trees, benches, and devices for games and athletic exercise Each of these breathing spots should also be provided with a few cages of inexpensive animals, to divert and entertain old and young Most important of all, there should not be a single restriction placed upon the free use of every inch of these parks, and "keep off the grass" signs should be absolutely unknown A careful estimate indicates that tracts of this character, of about five acres in extent, can be bought at prices ranging from $100,000 to $150,000 each. They will not, however, be obtainable at these prices unless secured in the immediate future. This is therefore a movement which must be brought to a successful end during the first year or two of the new century, if at all.

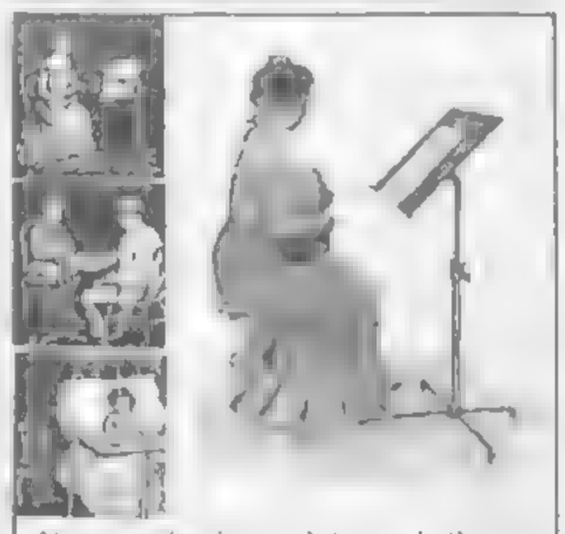
Chicago provides extensive and absolutely free baths to the public. These public bath houses are known as the Carter H Harrison, the Martin B Madden, the No. 3, and the Robert A. Waller baths. Three of these are already in active operation, and the other will be open before the publication of this article In the year 1899, 303 640 free baths were furnished at the Harrison and Madden baths alone. A novel plan for extending the free-bath movement is that of equipping each municipal pumping station with bathing facilities comprising from four to ten compartments. As the water and heat necessary for these baths would otherwise be wasted, the additional expense to the city is the very slight one of towels and soap. Three pumping stations have already been so equipped and the number will soon be doubled

Chicago has no achievement to which she is inclined to point with greater pride than the elevation of her steam railroad tracks. It already contains more than twice the mileage of elevated tracks to be found in all the other cities in the United States combined, and has cost the private corporations owning the railroads $17,000,000. The expense to the city for this improvement has been practically nothing. In the early days of this work, pleading, cajoling and threats were required to bring railroad managers to a frame of mind in which they would consent to the elevation of their tracks. Such has been their experience of the economy and increased efficiency of the new service that representatives of the municipality and of the railroad corporations now meet with the firm resolve on both sides that the tracks must be elevated, the only subject of controversy being the best way to meet existing conditions and to avoid unnecessary loss to established business.

An Ideal Home Book-Case

HANDSOME, convenient. A system of units, fitted with dust proof, cushion closing, self returning doors; the greatest device ever put on a book case Furnished in grades and prices to suit all tastes and requirements. Carried in stock by dealers in principal cities. Send for list and illustrated booklet D 100.

The Globe-Wernicke Co.
CINCINNATI
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. BOSTON
Also Elastic Cabinets and Card Indexes



At your service always—but never in the way
The Standorette
Is light, ornamental; easy to adjust to any height or angle. Made of fine steel tubing, finished in oxidized copper, nickel or black enamel
Our handsome booklet free on request
D. H. ALLEN & CO. 34 Main St., Miamisburg, Ohio

THERE'S NOTHING BETTER
ON A WOOD OR METAL
BEDSTEAD THAN
FOSTER'S
Will Rest You from Head to Foot
enough to conform to the shape of your body—
Try one for 30 nights: if not satisfactory your money back
FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO., 4 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.

ESKAY'S Albumenized FOOD

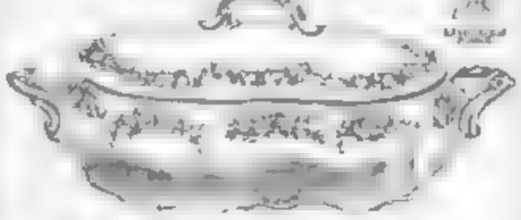
Saved the Baby

MRS MILTON HANOCH, 70 W 113rd St. New York City, writes

I can hardly find words to express my delight with Eskay's Food and the splendid results it has wrought in my baby. Eskay's Food was her exclusive diet from the time she was six weeks old until her ninth month, during which time she enjoyed excellent health. She was then suddenly taken with summer complaint, which developed rapidly into dysentery of the worst type. A change of diet was recommended. We took her to the seashore, but she rapidly grew thin and emaciated, and I despaired of her life, until we put her back on Eskay's Food. At the end of the first week she had gained so much and looked so bright that I knew **Eskay's Food had saved my baby's life.** Needless to say we have continued her on the Food, and her improvement has been phenomenal. My friends would hardly credit it.

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO., Philadelphia

"Elite" French China



exclusive in home Our copyrighted story,

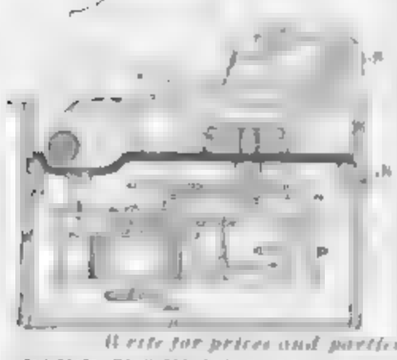
"IMOGES ITS PEOPLE—ITS CHINA"

In booklet form, tells all about it, besides giving an interesting history of Limoges. By mentioning the Post it will be presented to you for the asking

HAWO & DUTTER, 26 to 32 Barclay St., N. Y.

TIME STAMPS

THAT RUN BY CLOCK WORK



for stamping time and date on orders, telegrams, letters, etc.

We make a special time stamp for use in printing time on job tickets in factories, etc

Write for prices and particulars.

BAIRD CLOCK MFG. CO., Station U, Chicago

SPECIAL OFFER

American $10 Typewriter

We will give the first person answering this ad. in each town in the United States, a splendid opportunity to obtain the American Typewriter, the only standard low-priced typewriter on the market, on unusually attractive terms. Write promptly for catalogue and sample work, and see if our offer does not interest you.

American Typewriter Company 204 Broadway New York

Moving Picture Machines

STEREOPTICONS. You can make $10 MONEY entertaining [illegible] with small outlay, furnishing complete outfits

low cost. The Field is large, comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, [illegible] gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply

Catalogue and special offer fully explained everything. *Send free*

CHICAGO PROJECTING COMPANY
225 Dearborn Street, Dept. L, Chicago, Ills.

With Maurice Thompson at Sherwood Place

By Forrest Crissey

Mr. Thompson [illegible]

TO SIT under a grove of splendid pines whose pungent fragrance mingles with the autumnal incense of burning leaves; to see the beautiful White River Valley wrapped in the richest glories of Indian summer, and to hear the low, musical voice of Maurice Thompson, speaking of his boyhood days of wanderings with bow and gun in Northern wildernesses, and of the inner history of Alice of Old Vincennes—what better reward could a literary pilgrim ask in return for a long journey into the heart of the quaint Hoosier State?

In his love of Nature and his subtle and intimate sympathy with bird and tree, with every wild creature and its haunts, Maurice Thompson ranks with Thoreau, John Burroughs and the other high priests of the wildwood. The twitter of blackbirds in the boughs of the pines drew a smile to the lips of this Nature lover

"The path of the writer is not all roses, I assure you," said Mr Thompson. "That red winged old aristocrat, preening his feathers up there on the pine, reminds me of a letter I have just received from a Chicago woman who did me the honor to read a magazine article called In the Woods with the Bow. Her letter bristled with arrows of critical invective—every one of them shot with a will, too! The woman made me out a monster of cruelty, devoid of all humane instincts and reeking my wanton passion for slaughter on the most beautiful and helpless of God's creatures—the birds! But this was the mildest count in her stinging indictment. She wanted to know why I was not content to let my bloodthirsty proclivities rest with their indulgence, instead of recounting them in the pages of a magazine to taint the minds of the boys and young men of the land with the thirst for bird blood!"

Then the face of the poet-naturalist grew serious as he added: "If this tender hearted ornithological reformer would come here and listen to the birds that have their homes in these trees she would have my answer to her accusations. Why, I raise more birds here in one summer than I've killed in twenty years! But I plead guilty to the charge of being a sportsman, and confess that when I go out for game I get a bagful if it's to be had. And it is quite possible, to my way of thinking, for a man to be a thorough going sportsman and yet understand and love birds.

In the garden which completely surrounds the big, square, slate-colored old house—a typical country village mansion of sixty years ago—there is scarcely a rod of soil that does not bear witness to its owner's solicitude for nature "in the wild." In the spring the broad spaces and the cozy nooks and corners are literally carpeted with spring beauties, common violets, wake robins, wild geraniums, dog tooth violets, wind flowers and other wild blooms which shun the open and grow only for those who know the secrets of the woods. And the wild shrubs and trees, too, are induced to flourish in this rambling old yard. Clumps of dogwood, of papaws, of sassafras and persimmons are the pets of this garden, bordered by a lusty hedge of osage now splendid with its fruitage of great rusty globes of wrinkled golden "oranges." And not a flower, shrub or tree is passed unnoticed by the man whom publishers have vainly tempted to quit the quiet and seclusion of Crawfordsville

His Profound Love for a Country Life

"I cannot understand," said Mr. Thompson, "how so many of our writers can be content to delve in the bustle and grind of the big cities. It would be an unendurable existence to me, and it accounts for the flavor of urban pessimism which is tainting our literature, and particularly our criticism. There are scores of excellent writers who need to take a plunge into the deep, still currents of Nature, wash their minds in country air, and refresh their souls with a draft from wildwood springs. Surely there would be more serene, wholesome and hopeful writing if this were more generally done!"

It is a far cry from the brilliant success of Mr. Thompson's mature venture into the field of historical romance back to his first small fledgling of verse. With a kindling of recollective pleasure in his kindly, deepset eyes he said

"My first manuscript? Yes; I remember it well. That was twenty-two years ago, and, with a beating heart, I sent it to the Atlantic Monthly, then edited by Mr. Howells, who later told me the story of the gauntlet which my verses were compelled to run in order to win the goal of acceptance. He had just opened my letter and read the little poem in his hand when Mr. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow entered his editorial den. Leaning back in his chair he greeted his distinguished callers and remarked

"'Here's a rather fresh note from an unknown singer. Listen to this,' and he read the first stanza of my lines called At the Window, which began:

> I heard the woodpecker pecking
> I heard the sapsucker sing
> I turned and looked out of my window
> And lo! it was Spring

"The closing stanza read

> "I forget my old age and grow youthful,
> [illegible] raptures of Spring
> [illegible] woodpecker pecking,
> The first sapsucker sang!"

"My poor little sapsucker, with his plaintive, vanishing note and his polka dot coat, was a stranger to the trio of celebrated Eastern authors sitting in judgment on my verses. They had never chased his corkscrew course, hitching head downward around the trunk of pine or maple, as I had done scores of times in attempting to make him a target for an arrow. Consequently, I received a very kindly note from Mr. Howells, saying that he would print the poem provided I should exchange the doubtful little frequenter of the sugar camp for a bluebird. This I did, under protest, for I could not forbear the delight of an appearance in the pages of the Atlantic, even at the cost of my tiny speckled favorite. But how I did hate to give up that sapsucker!

"Well, some years later Mr Howells came to visit me, and one of the first things he said to me was: 'I have come to make a confession. You were right about the sapsucker and I was wrong.' But so were Mr. Lowell and Mr. Longfellow, and I thought I had the preponderance of authority on my side. However, I'm going to restore the sapsucker to his rightful place in the verses.' And he did so, republishing the poem as it was originally submitted."

His Opinion of Howells and Tolstoi

This anecdote turned the conversation to Mr Howells and to the influence exerted upon his later writing by the radical views and peculiar literary methods of Tolstoi. Mr. Thompson is a staunch admirer of Mr. Howells, but has no patience with Tolstoi

"With many others," commented Mr. Thompson, "I feel that Mr. Howells' devotion to the great Russian realist has cost him a dear sacrifice. I must confess to the conviction that the moment a writer bows at the altar of any 'school,' or acknowledges a master, no matter how great, he surrenders his truest source of strength and virility. To my mind the literary worker, like the bee,

The Angle Lamp

"THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Brings good cheer wherever it shines. It is the [illegible] light that can be used in the home with absolute comfort and great economy [illegible] ing, disagreeable lamps [illegible] of the past. The Angle Lamp is [illegible] than even coal gas [illegible] kes, wicks or globes a [illegible] and extinguished as easily as gas, and [illegible] is worth of [illegible] kinds of places all [illegible] stores have it [illegible] gives light [illegible] are sold [illegible] more than [illegible] K shown and styles from $1 50 up [illegible] is sent on request

THE ANGLE LAMP CO.
78 Park Place, New York

Boys Who Make Money

A dainty little booklet, in which about twenty out of more than 1800 bright boys tell in their own way how they make money every week by selling

The Saturday Evening Post

Interesting stories, accompanied by photographs of the boys showing real cleverness and business tact. Any boy who wants to do the same thing can do so.

The first week's supply of ten copies will be sent entirely free; after that, at the wholesale price.

If you want to try it, a postal card to the Post's Circulation Bureau will bring the first week's supply, the little booklet and full details

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

Dunlop Pneumatic Tires

For Bicycles
For Carriages
For Automobiles

Send for Booklet

The American Dunlop Tire Co.
Belleville, N. J. Chicago, Ill.

BIRD Manna [illegible] SING

Mountains [illegible] vents their all- It makes them Mailed for 15c Sold by all [illegible] and stores. Bird Book free. 400 North Third Street.

Send also for a free sample and Cattle Powder, the best in the

song of Cage Birds, prevents them in good health while shedding feathers. druggists grocers and THE BIRD FOOD CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA of ROSENFIELD'S Horse world, with free book.

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL

Largest Nursery [illegible] Fruit Book Free. Result of [illegible]

STARK BROS Louisiana Mo Dansville N Y

Floors!!

Johnson's Prepared Wax

Gives a durable, handsome finish which will not catch dust or dirt, and which will not

Johnson's Prepared Wax

FREE

S. C. JOHNSON Racine Wis. U. S. A.

WE ARE SELLING

	$10.00
	5.95
Battery Fan Motor,	5.95
Electric Hand Lanterns	1.00
Miniature pocket Lamps,	.60
Telegraph Outfits	2.25
Battery Motors from $1.00 to	12.00
Battery Motor Boats	
Lights	
$6.00 Bicycle Electric Lights,	3.75
Electric Car Lights,	1.75
Electric Railway,	2.95
Battery Student Lamp,	4.00
Dry Batteries per dozen,	2.25
All Electrical Books at low prices.	

We undersell all on Everything Electrical

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS

Cleveland, Ohio

Headquarters for Electric Novelties

If you could see

the Instrument,

Others $2.00 to $5.00

in selling you a

Columbia Zither

"The Easy to Play"

In groups, all made up and ready to pluck, enabling the playing of accompaniments with true effect from the

The Thumbery Co., Dept. 142 Overpeck St., Haverhill, Mass.

The New England Watch Company

ARTISTIC SPECIALTIES

For the season are shown

In our Blue Book for Ladies' Watches
In our Red Book for Men's

Either or both sent on application

THE NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO.

New York City

PINE CREAM

Sold on its Merits

Excellent for Chapped Lips and Hands, Roughness of the Skin. Unexcelled for

Decorated Tin Box 10 cents. Handsome

50 cents. Mailed on receipt of price

Coal Tar Product Co., 71 Commerce Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

should find free forage in every field, gathering his materials wherever he finds a sweet to tempt his fancy, but the process of production must be purely internal—as individual as his own being, and as exempt from the influences and methods of others as his digestion or respiration. The price of allegiance to prophet, master or leader must be paid in diminished virility, freshness and individuality. But Mr. Howells is delightful in everything he does; even his Tolstoi worship is as genial as sunshine, and I never tire of his stories."

An inquiry regarding the beginning of his archery started the author on a new vein of reminiscence.

"Yes; our good old English teacher, Miss Williams, taught my brother and myself the use of the bow. He imparted us with the passion for archery and thereby gave a very important tendency to my life, for it kept me in close touch with Nature, taught me the secrets of wood craft, gave me opportunity to dream, and finally furnished a theme for my first literary attempts.

"But Thomas Williams was the means of giving me one of the most exquisite pleasures that can come to a boy who is a genuine boy all the way through. He placed in my hands the [illegible] that shot me through as I gripped that old 'squirrel rifle,' bought of a mountaineer, when I realized that it was actually my own, comes back to me with the freshness and [illegible] of yesterday's experience. [illegible] brass patch-box in the stock and brass ferrule for the ramrod, and the wood of the stock reached underneath the barrel to within an inch of the muzzle. The bow and the old blunderbuss which had previously served me in my hunts were at once discarded, for I was armed with the weapon of a mountaineer. The picture of that rifle came to my mind more than once in the writing of Alice of Old Vincennes, for it belonged to the same species as the weapons carried by Kenton and 'Oncle Jazon' of the story."

With public interest in this latest of American historical romances at high tide, the theme suggested by the title was a welcome one to Mr. Thompson's guest, who suggested the difficulty of distinguishing between fact and fiction in the story.

The Basis for the Tale of Old Vincennes

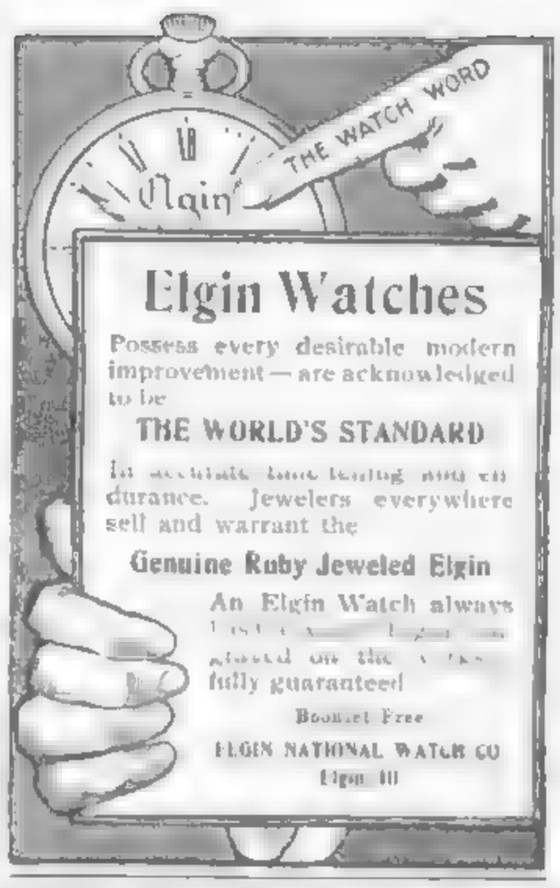
"I have labored to make the romance," explained the author, "as strictly historical. In fact, I have not taken a single liberty with the facts relating to the capture and recapture of Old Vincennes. This accuracy extends to the smallest details. Madame Godere made the American flag as I have described. The march of Colonel Clark and his band from Kaskaskia to Vincennes was precisely as I have described it, both as to its incidents and its importance. It was a dramatic, history making march. In writing the history of Indiana and one of Louisiana, my researches centred my attention upon the romantic possibilities that lay in the story of Colonel Clark's expedition; and I gathered all the materials necessary to shape it into a play. I even prepared a scenario. My work and interest in this direction I had kept a profound secret, and so was greatly astonished, one day, to receive from Indianapolis publishing [illegible], asking me to write a novel on the very theme I had adopted for the play. This was a coincidence pure and simple. I wrote the novel and no sooner had it appeared than I received a note from a young woman of my acquaintance, saying that she was heartbroken, having written twenty chapters of a novel based on the same historical episode as the one upon which my story is founded. She was in total ignorance of the fact that I had been engaged on a task of similar nature. I have urged her to complete the story, and I earnestly hope she will do so."

"Was Alice of Old Vincennes purely a creature of your own creation?" Mr. Thompson was asked.

"No, indeed. My only hope is to give the true life history of the real Alice, so far as it is known. To me it is very interesting. I encountered her in the private letters treasured by one of the first of the old Creole families of Louisiana. A very fine sense of privacy obtains among these people, and things which the Northerner would not hesitate to allow a writer to print are held as sacred by them. A thorough respect for this condition prevents me from disclosing the inner history of the real Alice."

Mr. Thompson says he never enjoyed the writing of any other book so much as the one which has scored his greatest success, and that when the last chapter was finished he felt as if saying good-by to a company of rare friends with whom he had passed through many stirring scenes in the course of their acquaintance. The weeks in which he lived in modern Vincennes, [illegible] acquainted of the old settlers, and drew from them the [illegible] and grandparents, were very pleasant. He was accepted by the people as a "newspaper man," and did not disclose the real object of his search.

Sherwood Place Crawfordsville, Ind., the home of Maurice Thompson



Elgin Watches

Possess every desirable modern improvement—are acknowledged to be

THE WORLD'S STANDARD

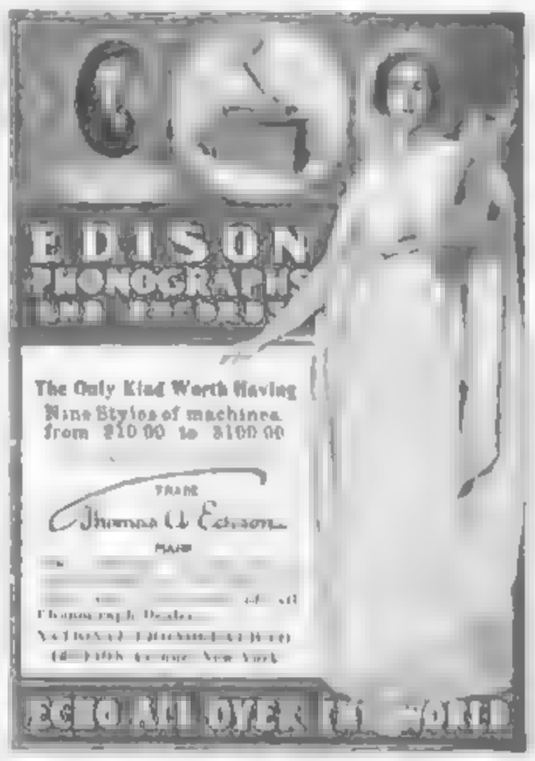
In accurate time keeping and endurance. Jewelers everywhere sell and warrant the

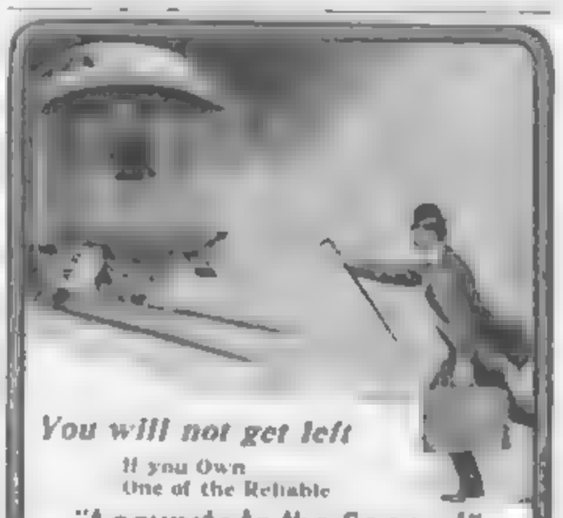
Genuine Ruby Jeweled Elgin

An Elgin Watch always [illegible] placed on the [illegible] fully guaranteed

Booklet Free

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
Elgin, Ill.





You will not get left

If you Own
One of the Reliable

"Accurate-to-the-Second"

DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCHES

LOOK FOR THE NAME "DUEBER" IN CASE

"John Hancock," 21 Jewels. For Gentlemen
"Special Railway" 21 Jewels. For Railway Men
[illegible]

Our "Guide to Watch Buyers" Sent Free

The Dueber-Hampden Watch Works, Canton, O.

A "MONOGRAM" 50c

Wax seal, with wax and taper, in handsome box, postpaid for

New designs. Any combination of two letters. Address

WORTH DOUBLE

JOS. A. HAYWARD, 61 Beekman Street, N.Y.

Plays for Amateurs We are the largest dealers in plays in the U. S., and can furnish any title in print. Catalogue for the asking. DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT

THE PENN PUBLISHING CO., 923 Arch St., Philadelphia

Paris Exhibition
1900

Grand Prize

AND

Gold Medal

AWARDED TO

A. W. FABER

Est. 1761

Manufacturer of Lead and Colored Pencils, Artists' Colors, Inks, Rulers and Graduated Scales, etc.

Factories at
Stein, Geroldsgruen, Nossy-le-Sec, Newark, N. J.

"Business System"

In the title our 64 page book illustrating and explaining model business methods used by our largest and most successful business houses

$1.25
Express Prepaid

And upward, buys a complete Macey

Card System
on every way positively the best obtainable
Write for book No. "B 5."

The Fred Macey Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Makers of Office and Library Furniture.

Smith's Adjustable Index Tags
"Save 20 per cent. of a book-keeper's time."

Tag to Write on—⅝ inch

Tags to WRITE on. Made also in 1, 1½ and 2 in. sizes

1 000
6 000
24 000

Catalog and Price List FREE. Sample Tag 5 cents

Dept. F, CHAS. C. SMITH, Mfr., Exeter, Nebr.
Canadian Agents, Grand & Toy, Ltd., Toronto

BOYS!

Send 10c to-day for 3 months' trial subscription to
THE
AMERICAN BOY
Best Boys' Paper in the World!

Tales, Money Making, Games, Home Circle, Stamp Page, Puzzles, Jokes, etc.

Over 300 elegant premiums given for a few hours' work. Get 3 months' subscriptions at 10 cents each.

SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.
[illegible]

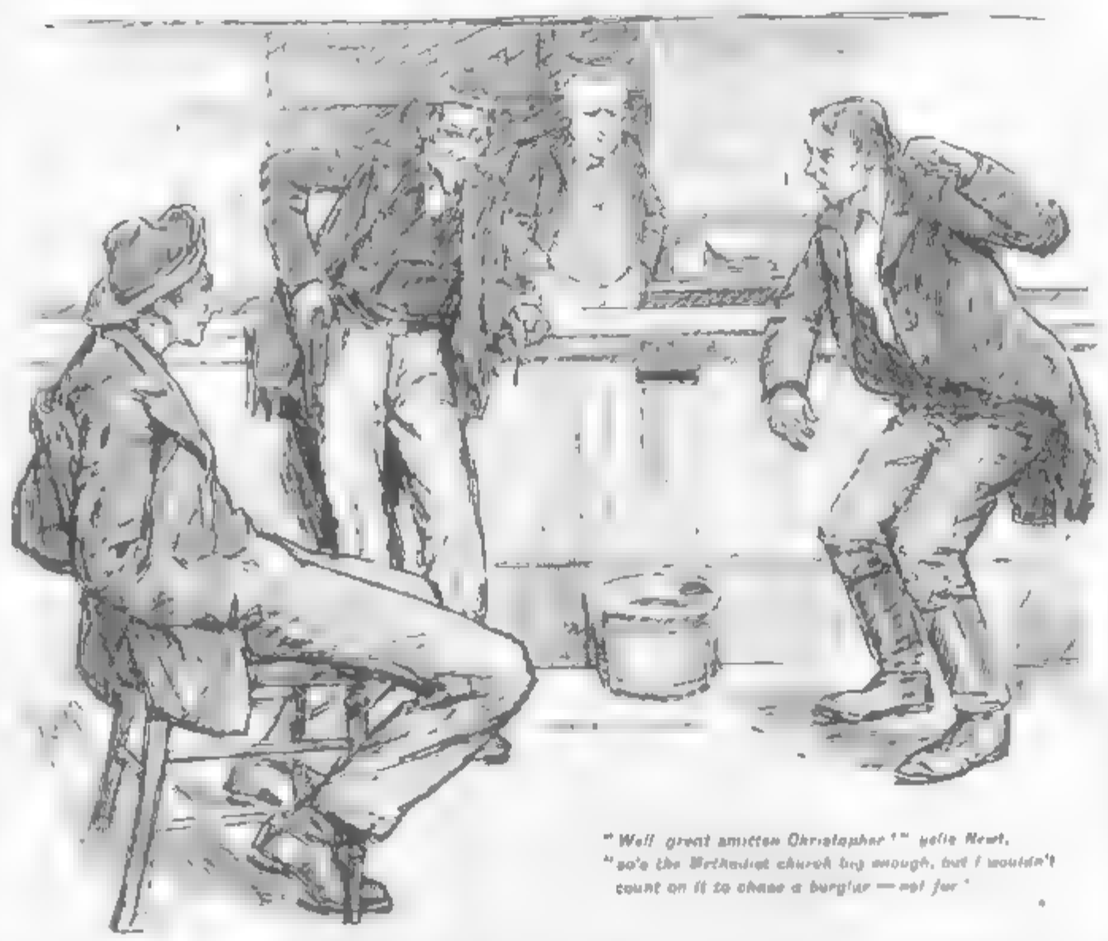
Books at Liberal Discounts

When calling please ask for MR. GRANT
Whenever you need a book, address MR. GRANT
An assortment of

J. F. GRANT Books, 25 W. 42d Street, New York
receive a discount

The Surprise of Old Newt Pagan

By Hayden Carruth



"Well, great smitten Christopher!" yells Newt. "so's the Methodist church big enough, but I wouldn't count on it to chase a burglar—not for."

HAVING observed one day in the local [illegible] that a man named Pagan had been elected to some office (the Legislature, probably), and recalling that a former citizen of Sentinel Butte had borne this somewhat unusual and sinister patronymic, I consulted Mr. Milo Bush, who happened in opportunely, as to the probability of his being the same individual. Without making the least attempt to gather details Mr. Bush instantly answered that he was, and went on to profess much gratification at once more hearing of his former [illegible] old Newt Pagan—Newton W. Pagan." I stopped him with the remark that this Pagan was named James Henry, and must, therefore, be an entirely different [illegible]. Mr. Bush met this with characteristic [illegible]

"This here Pagan," he said in a conclusive tone, as if the matter might as well be settled for all time, "was too bu[illegible] a man to know *what* his name was. If you'd called him Mary Jane Mehitable Pagan *he'd* never took the trouble to set you right. Prob'bly when he struck this town where he is now he didn't have time to tell what his name was, so they just called him James Henry by guess. Anyhow, it's the same man—just lemme tell you 'bout that man Pagan;" and forthwith at it he went in a steady, solemn manner which clearly indicated his firm belief that my time could not be better employed.

The *enterprisingest* man, Newt Pagan [illegible] (continued Mr. Bush). Always at something, hammer and tongs. Might be running a barber-shop to-day, and mebby to-morrow you'd find his chairs and looking-glasses and bay-rum bottles and illustrated papers piled on the sidewalk with a "For Sale" sign on 'em, and inside Newt would have a meat-market going full blast, a chromo with every mutton chop and bologna-sausage ten cents a yard. The next week he'd start a stage line, or get the agency for zinc tombstuns, or something. And all the [illegible]e talking politics and worrying 'bout the [illegible]ational Debt—held 'twas a shame it wasn't paid, and said he was ready to chip in his share any day.

Queer thing how families differ. Had an uncle on his mother's side who lived here named Shumway—Sid Shumway. *He* wouldn't *never* work. Fine old gent in most ways, but didn't see the necessity of work. Great man for other folks' chickens. Hooked 'em right and left. Hens all over town got on to him, and when they seen him coming 'long the street they'd stick up their heads, just like this, and go" gwuar-r-r r'rk!"—just that way—down in their throats, and the little chickens would run and hide in the grass, same's when a hawk's around. Many folks used to take their chickens in nights and put 'em under the bed so's to save 'em. Funny in the morning to see the hens applying one eye to the winders to see if old Sid was around yet. Old Sid's back yard was a sight to behold—chicken feathers a foot deep. Tramps used to go there to sleep. Might 'a' burnt the feathers, but just didn't care. If you spoke to him 'bout it he'd look you right in the eye—never let on a thing.

"Peculiar how all the chickens in town come to my premises to moult," he'd say, cool's a white bear; "must be some powerful attraction."

Finally we seen something had got to be done. The thing become a public scandal. The children begun to talk about it. Onoenermous man signing himself "Vox Populeye" writ a poem for the Expositor headed, "The Chicken Hawk of the Night's Dark Hour." So we rid the old man on a rail.

Well, Newt Pagan had another relation [illegible] Uncle Ike. He'd travelled in most things. Got up wood [illegible] the Western Traveler's Preservative. Party told you to throw up your hands. You throwed 'em. Strings down your sleeves. Pistols in side pockets. Pop! Party shot. Jim always wore one himself. Hat blowed off. Throwed up his hands. Winged a Chinaman.

Then Newt had a nephew named Harvey Pincholdt, who never wore a hat, and could sing bass and sopranner, and betwixt, and—but I ain't telling 'bout his fambly, but 'bout Newt himself. Powerful sot ag'in furriners, as I said. Couldn't abide 'em. Said they sapped the life blood of the land and made the National Debt bigger.

Well, one day Newt would have a millinery store, and the next he'd hang out a sign, "Vetterinary Surgeon—Cows, Hosses, Dorgs and Furriners Treated at Bed-rock Prices." Couldn't never miss a chance to take a whack at the furriners.

It run along and pretty soon a man named Culpepper opened a grocery store. Newt was running a lumber yard, with a jewellery store in connection, at the time, an' he got quite friendly with Culpepper, and started an account, and reckoned he'd get his winter's groceries that way, and pay in the spring when he expected to start boring artesian wells with a machine his cousin had invented. Always getting up something new, that Jim Leathers was. Got a patent on the Leathers Telescopic Church Steeple, that slid together like a spyglass and could be pulled down out of the way week days. One day Culpepper hired a clerk named Ole Olson. Furriner from some of them Scandinavian countries. Furrinest furriner you ever seen. White hair, and sky-bloo eyes, and a hair trigger grin and a lot of teeth. Big! he was—all out of proportion to the other folks in town, and the buildings, and everything. Been working on the railroad setting out telegraph poles. used to pick up a pole and r'ar it up in the , and drop it down in the hole and jounce it up and down like as if he was churning.

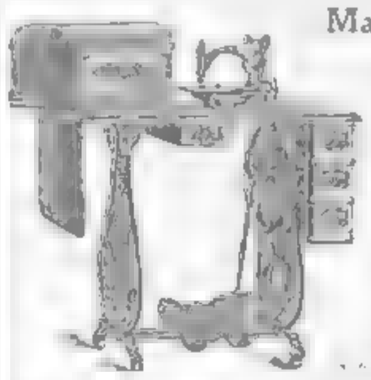
When Newt went into the store and seen Ole he was the maddest man you ever heard of. "See here, Culpepper," says he, "that's a fine old native American cit'zen you got there, ain't it? Colonial dame, ain't he?"

Mebby," says Culpepper, doubtful.

"What's his name?" says Newt.

B. Eldredge
AUTOMATIC

The Best All-Around Family Sewing Machine Made.



Easy Running, High Speed, Simple and Silent.

SOLD AT A REASONABLE PRICE AND FULLY GUARANTEED

NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE CO.
BELVIDERE, ILL.

Chicago House, [illegible] Jackson Boulevard
New York House, [illegible]

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

ARE THE BEST

They cost a trifle more than the common makes, but they last longer and write better.

Samples for trial sent on receipt of return postage

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
349 Broadway, New York City

KEEP A DIARY!

Huebsch's Year Book for 1901

[illegible] a desk diary, one page to a day, the day, date, number of days past and to come [illegible] head. Contains [illegible] Calendars for 1900 [illegible]

[illegible] Huebsch's Year Book [illegible]

[illegible] many of the year's doings. A Sensible Gift

No. 22. Flexible red cloth [illegible] $ .35

No. [illegible] ring paper [illegible] .50

No. 2[illegible] [illegible] $1.50

No. 70 [illegible] $1.00

D. A. HUEBSCH & CO. 33 Rose Street, New York

"Our Favorite"
GOLD ENAMEL

WASHABLE.

A FREE SAMPLE consisting of two bottles, enough of "Our Favorite" Gold Enamel to gild a small frame, also a brush to apply it with, to any one mentioning this magazine and enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage.

As brilliant and smooth as gold leaf. Ready for use. A child can apply it. Shows no brushmarks. Can be washed without tarnishing. Gilds everything, such as chairs, frames, bric-à-brac, chandeliers, baskets, etc. Sold by dealers generally, or we will send 25-cent full size box, express prepaid.

GERSTENDORFER BROS.
Dept. 7, 43 Park Place, New York

"QUICK" Buggy and Wagon Jack

Saves time in Carriage Barn and Wagon Shed, used in lifting heavy articles in the house. Simple, Strong, Durable. So compact that it can be carried in any vehicle, yet is Giant in Strength. Malleable Iron and Hardwood, neatly finished. Quality guaranteed, price reasonable. Live agents are making big money. Free Samples. [illegible]rms. Send for free illustrated catalogue.

QUICK MFG. CO. Dept. 91, DAYTON, OHIO

The LEAD that LEADS

In strength, smoothness and service is used in

DIXON'S American Graphite PENCILS

Pencil perfection is a term that can be truly used in describing [illegible] its used. If not sold by your dealer, mention the SATURDAY EVENING POST and send us 16c. for samples [illegible]

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO. Jersey City, N. J.

PATENTS

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH
Washington, D. C.
No Attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for "INVENTOR'S GUIDE."

"Ole Olson," says Culpepper, sober-like.

"Ah, yes," says Newt; "fine old Massachusetts family. Descendant of the Olson that come over in the Plymouth Rock, I s'pose."

"Better'n that," says Culpepper; "Ole's first crop. Come over himself last spring."

"Well, you think you can keep him here and hold the custom of white men?"

"I dunno," says Culpepper, "but he brings in a lot of Scandinavian trade and I'd 'most as soon have their cash as some o' these here white men's artesian-well promises."

Well, it run on several weeks, and pretty soon there was some burglaries in town. Culpepper got nervous, and took to having Ole sleep in the store. Well, if you ever seen a man mad it was Newt Pagan when he heard about it. That night Culpepper happened to come into the post-office while Newt was going on. "Hello," says he, "I unnerstand you're getting ready for burglars at your store."

"I've got Ole sleeping on the counter down by the dried-apple barrels and this side of the flour sacks," says he.

"Ah, yes," says Newt. "What's your igee—trying to make it easy for the burglars—have him there to help 'em pack up their plunder?"

"Ole ought to put up a good fight—he's big enough," says Culpepper.

"Well, great smitten Christopher!" yells Newt, "so's the Methodist church big enough, but I wouldn't count on it to chase a burglar—not *fur*."

"Well, I dunno," says Culpepper, kind of doubtful.

"See here," says Newt, "did you ever know or hear tell of a furriner who could fight?" Culpepper thought it over a long spell, then said he reckoned he had, but couldn't place him. "Now I'll tell you what I'll do," says Newt; "give me the key to the store after a while, and I'll go up there and let on I'm a burglar and *show* you that you've been leaning on a broken willer."

Culpepper says he was agree'ble, so we all sot down and waited for Ole to get to sleep, and listened to some remarks by Mr. Pagan on paying off the National Debt.

Well, 'bout ten o'clock we reckoned Ole was as asleep as he was ever going to be, so we all went up to see the fun. Culpepper give Newt the key and we waited in front. "I won't do much to him inside," said Newt in a whisper. "Just *scare* him, you know; then I'll chase him out here in the open where there's *room*, and *then!*" He walked over and unlocked the door and went in, leaving it open so's Ole wouldn't smash it when he come out.

"Seems to me it ain't hardly right to treat the feller that way," says Al Doty. "Furriners have some rights, after all. What'd you reckon Elder Spottswood would say?"

Just then there was a sort of a pop in the store, kind of like a blast going off in a deep well. "Reckon Newt hit him a thump," says Abner Blackmark.

"I tell you it ain't right," says Al Doty. "It's croolty—we'll have to answer for it."

Then there was another kind of a muffled explosion, and we seen a thick white cloud come floating out the door; and then Newt Pagan shot out of the cloud and never touched the sidewalk, and started down the street yelling a good deal, but thick and deep 's if he'd swallered a feather-duster; and Ole appeared with a big pile of something on his left arm, and he fired one of the things at Newt which took him in the back of the head, and another which caught him in the small of the back, both exploding tremenjous, but deep and sort o' solemn. And just then one of the things hit Abner in the neck and bust awful, and we foltered Newt in a general way, more of them bumbshells falling amongst us, and the last one coming straight down on Newt's head, and blowing up as usual. But by scratching gravel furious and yelling right smart we all managed to reach the lumber yard and was out of range, though for five minutes we could hear 'em falling around town and scattering things. And when we got our eyes open and could breathe a little we seen that Ole had been bombarding with twenty-five-pound paper sacks of flour.

And just then somebody said sudden that Newt was dying, though he didn't get through, 'cause we rolled him on a barrel in the moonlight for ten minutes and he come to all right, and said the National Debt was a curse. Then we all listened, the explosions having stopped, and we heard that furriner hollering: "Poolicemans! Poolicemans! Von boogler try to boogle Meester Culpepper!" But he was mistaken in his poor furrin way, of course; nobody had no intention of doing nothing of the sort.

The History of Football

By Horace Butterworth

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather;
And if by mischance you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather;
And life is itself but a game of football.

THIS blood-stirring game was born so early in the morning of history that its genealogy cannot be fully traced. It has been supposed by some that both the Greeks and Romans played games which might be considered the parents of modern football, but this is questionable. If it were true, the Romans probably introduced the sport into the island of Britain as early as the year 100 A. D., when they had garrisons stationed at various points in the country. The first mention of the game in English writings appears in Fitzstephen's History of London which appeared in 1175, where mention is made of young men going to the fields to play at the well-known game of football on Shrove Tuesday (the day before the beginning of Lent), which was for centuries the great football day in England. Edward III forbade the practice of the game in 1365 because it hindered the progress of his pet sport, archery. James I says, in his Manual of Precepts for my Son and Successor: "From this count I debar all rough and violent exercise as the game of footeball, meeter for lameing than makeing able the users thereof." But the most violent opposition, as well as the best description of the game in these times, is found in the writings of the Puritans. Philip Stubbes, in his Anatomie of Abuses in the Realm of England, after referring to "footeball playeing and other devilish pastimes" as occurring on the Sabbath, and thus foreboding the end of the world, continues:

"For as concerning footeballe I protest unto you it may be rather called a friendlie kinde of fight than a play or recreation—a bloody and murthering practice than a felowy sport or pastime—for they have the sleights to mix one between two, to dash him against the hart with their elbows, to butt him under the short ribs with their griped fists and with their knees to catch him on the hip and picke him on his neck, with a hundred such murthering devices."

Early players used a blown bladder covered with leather for a ball. The country boys used a bladder without any covering, putting peas and beans in it to make a rattling noise as they kicked it about.

The game was very popular throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but its most flourishing period was about 1600. Early in the present century it suffered a decline in public favor, and about 1830 Shrove Tuesday, as the "football day," died out. A revival of interest was brought about through the great boys' schools of Rugby, Harrow and Eton, where the game was played in a variety of ways, adapted to the particular characteristics of each playground. Out of these varied forms two general styles of play soon developed, one permitting the carrying of the ball by a player, tackling, etc., as practiced at Rugby, and the other forbidding the touching of the ball except with the foot, as practiced at Eton. In 1863 the "Football Association" was formed, and it adopted the rules used at Cambridge, where the kicking game was played. This style is now generally known as "Association" football. Eight years later the Rugby Football Union came into existence and signalized its coming by arranging a game between representatives of England and Scotland. The first international game of "Association" football did not occur until 1877. The first Oxford-Cambridge contest took place in 1873-4.

Until 1875 football in the United States was in a chaotic condition. But about that time Harvard learned the Rugby rules from the Canadians and persuaded Yale to try them, with the result that the first intercollegiate game of football in America, under Rugby rules, was played at New Haven in 1876. In 1884, an Intercollegiate Football Association was formed, consisting of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Wesleyan and the University of Pennsylvania. For several years the English rules were added to in a vain attempt to adapt them to American ideas, and then a cutting-out process began. A committee of graduates from the prominent Eastern colleges has been, for several years past, the rule-making power in American football. Revisions have been made almost every year, of late, in the interest of safety to the player and development of the game.

No Christmas Dinner—

or any dinner for that matter, is complete without soup.

Diamond Condensed Soups

Are the best soups to be had anywhere. They are not canned soups, soup powders or anything of the sort—in fact no other soups are "just the same" or "just as good." They are put up in small *paper cartons*, each making one quart of heavy *purée* or two quarts of thin soup, and only the best meats and vegetables are used in their manufacture. Keep perfectly in any climate. **No tin to tear. No water to pay for. No trouble to prepare.** If your grocer does not have them he can readily get them for you, or you may send us a two-cent stamp and his address for a sample of one of these varieties: **Cream of Celery, Green Pea, Beef and Onion, Tomato, Bean or German Vegetable.**

The Maximum of Excellence; The Minimum of Cost

DIAMOND SOUP COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois

J. HOWARD JONES & SON, Sole Sales Agents

van Houten's Cocoa

Easy to Make—Easy to Digest and of Exquisite Flavor. Strengthening, Refreshing, and most Economical in use.

Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

TYRIAN···· Rubber Goods

THE STANDARD

Our successful record of 40 years is due, we believe, to the quality of our goods. You can buy lower-priced goods, but they are not "Tyrian" quality.

"Tyrian" Combination Fountain Syringe and Hot-Water Bottle

Our latest addition to this well-known specialty is the addition of the "Globe Spray" pipe, which doubles its value. In hard-wood box.

Sold by all druggists; if you fail to find it, we will mail a 2-quart size direct for $2.00.

A special circular, "Advantages and Use of the 'Globe Spray' Pipe," free for the asking.

Other Specialties: Syringes, Atomizers, Nipples, Air Cushions, Rubber Gloves, Sheeting, Letter Bands, Plant Sprinklers, etc.

Ask your Druggist for "Tyrian" Rubber Goods.

TYER RUBBER CO., Andover, Mass.

The National Conservatory of

Dramatic Art

F. F. MACKAY, Director

The Berkeley Lyceum, 19 West 44th St., New York.

A thorough training school for the stage and platform.

Mid-winter class organized January 8. Send for prospectus.

ILLUSTRATING

Taught by Mail, also **Designing** and **Newspaper Sketching.** Best methods. Prepares quickly for profitable work. Largest and most practical school. Incorporated. Individual instruction adapted to all. Students enthusiastic. Easy terms. Write to-day for full particulars.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING

11 Penn. Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

INFORMATION ABOUT STAMPS, Important to every collector, old or young. *MEKEEL'S WEEKLY STAMP NEWS*, established **Ten Years**, is published every Thursday and costs but **50 Cents Per Year.** Subscribe or send for **Free Sample Copy.** 16-page number just published.

J. A. MEKEEL, Publisher, ST. LOUIS, MO.

LEARN PROOFREADING

If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a genteel and uncrowded profession paying $15 to $35 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia

Magic Lantern An Attachment to fit any Bicycle or House Lamp. Makes a powerful Magic Lantern. Hundreds of views for Home Entertainments. Price $1.00 with 36 views. We pay charges. Order to-day. Acme Engraving Co., Dept. J, Chicago, Ill.

MANY PEOPLE

Whose appetites and digestions are good after the early hours of the day need careful treatment at breakfast time. For these

Cook's Flaked Rice

Is an ideal dish. Light, nourishing and easily digested, it will start the day right for the most sensitive stomach.

Put the dry flakes in colander, pour over them boiling **salted** water, drain, shake and turn out on a hot dish. That is all.

Absolutely No Cooking

Book of Tested Receipts with Every Package.

ALL GROCERS

Expert Shorthand Instruction By Mail

We have the largest reporting staff in Greater New York. All instruction is individual. We do not use the old-time printed slips for the lesson. We call your attention to the fact that each lesson will be accompanied by a personal letter of explanation. We think we can give you better satisfaction than any business school or college, as our teaching is based on practical, every-day experience.

Terms reasonable. Write for booklet, or if in the vicinity call, and we will be pleased to show you our system.

Manhattan Reporting Co., 1225 American Trust Bldg., New York

STAMPS 1000 mixed, 25c.; 200 all different, 10c.; 8 Honduras, 10c.; 5 Soudan, 10c.; 5 Diego Suarez, 10c.; 4 Iceland, 10c. Album for 3000 Stamps, 25c. Price-List Free. Largest stock in America.

BOGERT & DURBIN CO., 722 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SENT FREE Learning to Pray

Address MISS C. H. MARSH

23 Loring Street, Lowell, Massachusetts

Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

The Expatriates

A vital and clever book like Lilian Bell's Expatriates (*Harper & Brothers*) is sure to exasperate somebody. The present humble reviewer has had some bad but no dull moments over these pages, which are instinct with an energetic, compact femininity of the type American *cap-a-pie*. Lilian Bell, in this her first novel of length, has shown her greatest literary strength in her least agreeable moods, and this makes the earlier part by far the more artistic. The reeking abominations of Paris stimulate her unstinted hatred, while the comparative purity and decency of American conditions have slowed her vivid pen. The group of Paris-seeking Americans is tiresomely rich, rather inconsequential, unconsciously sentimental, and effusive and diffusive to a degree. Chief among them is Rose Hollenden, second daughter of old Hollenden, the hyper-millionaire, a bully and a brute in many things, but preserving a sort of cleanliness about some matters which do not much disturb a Parisian of either sex. Rose is a good girl, but very superabundant, likes people who "do things," and talks much about the "flag."

In love with her is Townshend, of a good cis-Atlantic type, patriotic at heart, but outwardly bemoaning his country's crudeness—quite a person of the neo-aristocratic class, with which the author, judged by her opinions, is content to range herself. Townshend is warmed into effectual manhood by a Spanish bullet at Santiago, and wins Rose. I beg to differ seriously with Lilian Bell as to her treatment of Maria Hollenden—a genuine expatriate and eldest daughter of old Hollenden by his first wife, a Danish woman who had been a cook. It may be a misfortune to have been a cook, and especially a poor one, but in America it is thus far not reckoned among the seven deadly sins. Maria had reached that age when many women, even many charming ones, begin to show the wear and tear of life. The signs of fading womanhood call for reticence, not accentuation; but the author descends with really horrible precision on this poor creature's deficiencies as if they in themselves were actual moral deformities.

Yet it is by the rough handling which Lilian Bell gives to Gallic decadence in contrast to the representatives of our own country that she affords the most bewildering insight into her nimble powers. The burning of the Bazar de Charité, the sinking of La Bourgogne and the fighting before Santiago make a lurid yet varied background. It is impossible to guess what grudge the author has against the French nation, but it is an undying one. The men would be archtypes of bestiality and cowardice were they not outdone by the women, who add an infernal skill to their other banalities.

The satirist may properly attack the vices of the *haute société* in his own country. Thackeray rendered this great service to England, Balzac to France; but against both those great names lies the accusation that the conditions assailed were but imperfectly understood. It is an even more difficult and certainly a less gracious task to make, as Lilian Bell has made, a furious onslaught on the established modes of life in a foreign country. Nevertheless, if she writes from sure knowledge and in good faith, she is within her rights in trying to show that the pleasant land of France is in a deuce of a bad way. As the Americans, baffled in their attempts to storm social heights abroad, retreat home, under the wholesome convoy of self-contempt, one can but feel that American virtue is the just contrast to French vice. Our embarrassed sense of imperfection has an advantage over the "completeness" of a finished and perhaps dying civilization. Such at least would appear to be the situation, if Lilian Bell is a wise observer.

There are charming early pages on Chicago. More Chicago and less Paris would have made a sweeter but perhaps no stronger book. —*Lindsay Swift.*

Mr. J. W. Barrie's New Book

Tommy and Grizel (*Charles Scribner's Sons*) is a story which makes the fleshy antics of your "historic" hero and heroine shrivel to the petty proportions of childish strutting with toy sword and ancient skirt secretly filched from the musty attic of conventional romance. How great is the gulf between this transparent uncovering of the struggles which passed in the shy, brave heart of Barrie's witching Grizel and the pretentious recital of the marvelous doings of stately dames and haughty heroines who droop their eyes and rustle their gowns through the dreary pages of the ordinary romantic novel!

And what shall be said of Tommy, of T. Sandys, the one writer of his day who sounded the depths of woman nature and discerned the secret things of the feminine heart; of Tommy the penitent, the self-exiled, the boy-man who tried so hard to "become a lover by taking thought," and was still "only a boy"? This only: he stands for all that is complex and intricate in human character. And there are as many Tommies as there are men. Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde are supplanted by an infinitely refined personality of the dual kind. Hereafter we shall speak of the inward struggle against all that is evil in our nature as "putting down the Tommy" of us.

Then, too, let it be added that no story has stripped from the "artistic temperament" its mask of whims, fancies and subtle self-deceptions with the merciless cunning and perseverance of that master analyst who laid in Sentimental Tommy a strong and symmetrical foundation for the greater, the grown-up work which puts all his previous efforts far in eclipse.

Critics will likely tell us that the book lacks proportion and focus, that it should have been telescoped with Sentimental Tommy and done in a single volume, and that, in spots, it sprawls out of the story into the essay. This may cheerfully be granted, provided we are permitted to make these few reservations: Tommy and Grizel has focused the searchlight of true analysis deeper into the mysteries of complex human motive and character than any other novel of the decade; it has presented the most marvelously real and irresistible woman of recent literature; its structure and movement are so admirable in their art that the end is not to be divined from the beginning, and the interest, keen at the start, gathers a cumulative intensity with each added chapter.

When you have put aside the book, kissed your hand to the little girl she had been, and seen for the last time the rocking arms and crooked smile of dear, truth-loving Grizel, she will be more real to you than many a woman whom you pass and meet and talk with every day of your life—else you are not worthy to know the childish clan of The Den and the daughter of the Painted Lady of Double Dykes! —*Forrest Crissey.*

The New Books of the Week

The Cruise of the Pretty Polly: W. Clark Russell	J. B. Lippincott Company
Literary Rambles: Theodore F. Wolfe, M. D., Ph. D.	J. B. Lippincott Company
Madame Bohemia: Francis Neilson	J. B. Lippincott Company
The Story of a School Conspiracy: Andrew Home	J. B. Lippincott Company
Stories of Famous Songs: S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald	J. B. Lippincott Company
Mother Wild Goose and Her Wild Beast Show: L. J. Bridgman	H. M. Caldwell Company
In the Palace of the King: F. Marion Crawford	The Macmillan Company
Richard Yea and Nay: Maurice Hewlitt	The Macmillan Company
The Stickit Minister's Wooing: S. R. Crockett	Doubleday & McClure
Lord Jim: Joseph Conrad	Doubleday, Page & Co.
The House of Egremont: Molly Elliot Seawell	Charles Scribner's Sons
With Both Armies: Richard Harding Davis	Charles Scribner's Sons
The Awakening of Nashville: Franklin H. North	G. W. Dillingham Company
The House Behind the Cedars: Charles W. Chesnutt	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
A White Guard to Satan: Alice Maud Ewell	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Friend or Foe: Frank Samuel Child	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
A Little Tour in France: Henry James	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Women of the Bible: By Eminent Divines	Harper & Brothers
Napoleon—The Last Phase: Lord Rosebery	Harper & Brothers
In the Hands of the Cave-Dwellers: George A. Henty	Harper & Brothers

CALDER'S
SAPONACEOUS
DENTINE
has no seasons.
YOU NEED IT EVERY DAY.
It will keep the teeth strong and white, the gums hard and sound, and the mouth in a healthy condition.....
Sold by all Druggists. Sample on Request.
ALBERT L. CALDER,
Providence, R. I.

Alois P. Swoboda Teaches by mail, with perfect success, his original and scientific method of Physiological Exercise, without any apparatus whatever, and requiring but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring. By this condensed system more exercise can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development, and elasticity of mind and body.

Perfect Health means an absolute freedom from *those ailments which a well-informed mind knows are directly or indirectly due to a lack of properly arranged exercise.*

Pupils are of both sexes, ranging in age from fifteen to eighty-six, and all recommend the system. Since no two people are in the same physical condition individual instructions are given in each case.

Write at once for full information and Booklet, containing indorsements from many of America's leading citizens, to

ALOIS P. SWOBODA
34-36 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

PICTURES FOR CHRISTMAS

For Christmas Gifts nothing is more appropriate than a beautiful picture. Our assortment of pictures suitable for this purpose is unequalled in the country, our exquisite CARBONS, PLATINUM PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAVURES being of the most popular subjects of the old and modern masters. Our beautifully illustrated catalogue of miscellaneous publications sent upon receipt of 5 cents.

1c each HARPER'S BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS 1c each

Our famous Harper's Black and White Prints are the most beautiful series of inexpensive pictures on the market. They are wood-cut reproductions from the blocks of the most famous engravers, in many instances, and include a very complete collection of portraits of all noted personages. Our collection of modern American painting in this series is unequalled. Send 30 cents for 25 prints and catalogue.

The HELMAN-TAYLOR ART COMPANY
257 J Fifth Avenue, New York City

Which is more reliable than a steam engine, and so simple to operate that there is nothing to it but "The Turn of a Wheel." The cylinder oiler automatically sprays the piston at every stroke. The hot air Jacket surrounding the Muffler furnishes warm, dry air for properly vaporizing the gasoline under all conditions of temperature or moisture. The water Jacket surrounds cylinder, cylinder head and exhaust pipe, preventing burned fingers. These are some of the exclusive features that put the Lozier Motor in a class of its own, and makes it infinitely superior to all others. Our 1901 advance catalogue tells all about it. Write for it.

The old Egyptian Boat did well enough on the sleepy Nile, but it is little to be compared with the splendid Lozier Launch of to-day, propelled by

THE LOZIER GAS ENGINE

Send five two-cent stamps for catalogue.

THE LOZIER MOTOR COMPANY, 20 Water Street, PLATTSBURGH, N. Y.

LINCOLN FOUNTAIN PEN

Solid 14-kt. Gold Pen in Hard Rubber Engraved Holder; simple construction, always ready, no shaking, works perfectly; no blotting.

Agents Wanted

If your dealer will not supply it, write us; pens sent anywhere, postpaid, complete with filler and full directions. All our pens are guaranteed; and this means money back—*if you want it.* Catalogue of Fountain and Gold Pens for the asking.

FRAZER & GEYER CO., Room 38, 36 Gold Street, New York

Your dentist is intelligent, and he is my best friend.

SOLD ONLY IN A YELLOW BOX—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—cleans between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to hold it. This means much to cleanly persons—the only ones who like our brush. Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers'.

Send for free booklet "Tooth Truths."

FLORENCE MFG. CO., 32 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.

Prophylactic Tooth Brush

STOP STAMMERING

Write for our new illustrated 200-page book, "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering." Sent FREE to any person who stammers, with full particulars regarding treatment, for 6 cents in stamps, to cover postage.

The Lewis School for Stammerers, 930 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

DANCING

Easily learned at your home by simple and practical canvas diagrams to put on the floor and learn the step from. Price $1.50 for either WALTZ or TWO-STEP—$2.50 for both, with complete instructions. Address

MISS F. M. BROWN, 144 La Grave St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

You Can't Break this Mantle.

Anybody's Hand

Can properly adjust the

"YUSEA" Welsbach MANTLE

Because it is Attached to Patent Self-Adjusting Burner Cap

Perfect Adjustment means Perfect Light and Economy

Welsbach Company

Factories: Gloucester, N. J., and Chicago, Ill.
Salesrooms in all the leading cities.

FOR SALE—
ALL DEALERS

REGAL SHOES

Price $3.50 Per Pair

There is no element of chance in buying Regal shoes by mail. If on receipt they don't fit or are unsatisfactory in any way we will gladly make the necessary exchange or refund your money. But we know you will be more than satisfied. Our mail order business is doubling every year. We have 120,000 customers on our books who buy regularly through either our Boston or Chicago Mail Order Departments. Isn't this a proof of Regal quality? No man makes a second purchase of an unsatisfactory shoe.

Regal shoes are the best on earth, regardless of name or price. Being made in 121 different sizes it is a very extraordinary shaped foot that cannot be perfectly fitted with Regal shoes. No breaking in is necessary. They are shoes that you can be perfectly happy in.

No other shoes at any price will wear better than Regals. Every one has heard of King Calf and how it is used exclusively in Regal shoes. Other manufacturers have tried many times to find the leather that would equal King Calf. Regal shoes are always the very latest in style. We illustrate one of the newest models. Send for our Catalogue M (Men's shoes), illustrating our extensive line of other styles.

The "STRAND"

(COPYRIGHTED)

This shoe is designed for Fall and Winter heavy service. It is made of full weight stock, with heavy double soles, suitable for street and business wear in stormy and cold weather. A perfect-fitting shape.

Black King Calf, Lace, . . Double Soles
Russet King Calf, Lace, . . Double Soles
Black Waxed Calf, Oxford, Double Soles, Wing Tip

Delivered through our Mail Order Departments, carriage charges prepaid, on receipt of $3.75 per pair, to any address in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Germany, also within the limits of the parcel post system.

L. C. BLISS & CO.

Mail Order Departments:

BOSTON: 109 Summer St., M. O. Box 299 J
CHICAGO: 103 Dearborn St., M. O. Box 203 J

MEN'S STORES, Boston, 111 Summer St.; Providence, 220 Westminster St.; New York, 156 Nassau St., 1347 Broadway, 285 Broadway, 125th St. and 7th Ave.; Brooklyn, 357 Fulton Street, 111 Broadway; Baltimore, 219 E. Baltimore Street; Philadelphia, 1218 Market St., Chestnut and Eighth Sts.; Washington, D. C., 909 Penn. Ave.; Pittsburg, 309 Fifth Ave.; Buffalo, 362 Main St.; Cincinnati, 13-15 Fountain Square; St. Louis, 618 Olive St.; Chicago, 103 Dearborn St., 215 Dearborn St.; Detroit, 122 Woodward Ave.; Cleveland, 17 Euclid Ave.; Denver, 423 Sixteenth St.; Albany, N.Y., 34 Maiden Lane; Atlanta, Ga., 6 Whitehall Street; Milwaukee, Wis., 312 Grand Ave. Factory, Whitman, Mass.

Women's Regal Shoes at $3.50 Are now made in all the leading styles and may be obtained in our women's stores: No. 109 Summer St., Boston, and 1218 Market St., Philadelphia, and 125th St. and 7th Ave., N. Y.; or will be sent prepaid from our Boston Mail Order Department direct to any address on receipt of $3.75 per pair.

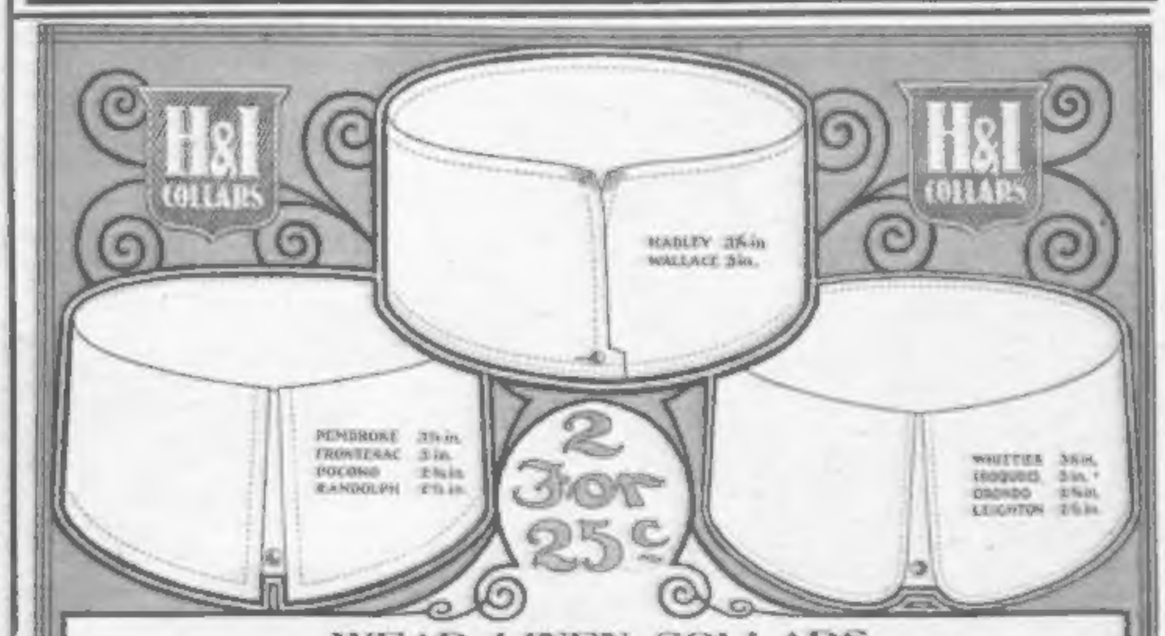
Our Catalogue "Y" Illustrates and describes our complete line of WOMEN'S SHOES.

A Free Education Earned in Two Weeks

On the fifteenth of one month a young man started to earn one of the free educations offered by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He was a teacher—teaching every day—but in spite of this fact on the first of the next succeeding month he had earned a special course which he desired to take up to fit himself for a higher, more profitable position. "Quick work, wasn't it?" he says; "and yet pretty easy, too."

Nearly one thousand young people have secured educational courses by the same plan. The POST will send any young man or young woman to any college, conservatory or educational institution in America, in return for work done in leisure hours—all without a penny of expense to themselves. There is no competitive feature in these scholarship offers, though as an incentive to unusual effort at this time **764 Cash Prizes, amounting to $18,000,** will be given to those sending the largest numbers of subscriptions during the next few months, *in addition* to the scholarships awarded. The plan is simple and may be undertaken by any one. Even if after taking up the work you should, for any reason, decide not to take the course originally selected, every bit of work done will be liberally paid for in cash. You may learn all about it by addressing THE EDUCATIONAL BUREAU,

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia



WEAR LINEN COLLARS

If you think all collars sold at the two-for-a-quarter price are cotton, you are mistaken. There is one exception.

H. & I. Brand collars are linen collars—warranted linen—heavy, choice, carefully selected, uniform count linen.

If you want to get the most stylish, up-to-date, distinctive, well-fitting and durable collars ever sold at the price, by all means insist on getting H. & I. Collars.

If you do not find them at the store send us 25 cents, giving the name, size and height you wish, and we will send you two collars that will give you perfect satisfaction and long wear.

Ask for our free "Style Book for Men," our "Style Book for Women," or both, if desired.

HOLMES & IDE, Department S, Troy, N. Y.

Medal and Diploma. Chicago, 1893

The Brunswick

(Trade Mark)

Write us for Sample Box of 12, $1.00; 100, $7.50.

ARROW ON EVERY CIGAR

RECEIVED THE GOLD MEDAL

Paris Exposition, 1900, for purity of tobacco and excellence of make. A fragrant, high-grade cigar. If you smoke them, you will buy them again. Further information furnished dealers on application.

JACOB STAHL, JR., & CO., Makers, 108th Street and 5th Avenue, New York City

Distinctly Good to Eat

Quaker Oats is more nourishing than wheat foods or meat. It has more Fat, more Protein and more necessary Mineral Matter than wheat foods. More Carbohydrates than meat.

EAT MORE Quaker Oats LESS MEAT

It is better balanced than any other food. Being the most popular, it is often imitated. The genuine Quaker Oats is sold in 2-lb. packages only. Every package has the Quaker Figure in a white panel. Refuse all others.

Cook it Right. Directions on Package